The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME II. | SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1906. | NUMBER 8

NEWSY LETTER

From Our Long Run Correspondent Items of Interest.

The prayer meeting at Beech Grove is progressing nicely. The young people are generally taking the lead; the meeting last Friday night was conducted by Mr. Eugene Harmon.

Mr. Henry Young has moved his saw mill to this place and expects to go to work this week. The people are very busy preparing their logs. We think many of our farmers are making a mistake in cutting away their timber that more tobacco may be raised. Owners are dealing destruction to our grand, old forests. At the present rate our country must soon be without timber and will be left to the mercy of the cold winds of winter and the scorching heat of summer.

The Jensonton postoffice has been moved from Mrs. Perkin's residence to Mr. M. Key's, Mrs. Key having been appointed as postmistress.

We recently heard from our old friend, Uncle Harvy Lawson, who went to Rockwall County, Texas, last fall. He is getting on well and is having a good time. He seems to be satisfied. He is living with his son, Anderson. His wife is at Rockwall under treatment for cancer of the face. He thinks they are having a severe winter.

Last fall Dr. Crosby, of Texas, said that typhoid fever germs seemed to be lurking on the Jensonton and Perryville pike and he was right, for since that time ten cases have been reported.

Our people are getting more and more interested in their county paper, and they want it to give the news of their own neighborhood too. Every county paper ought to have in each community in the county a faithful correspondent who will give it.

To look at the wheat fields and the grass, it seems as if Spring was here; we attribute the pleasant weather to the "Sun". This is the warmest winter since '88-9; beach trees bloomed in February, and a lot of meat spoiled

Farmers are pleased with the price they are getting for their tobacco, which ranges from 7-60 to 9 cents. Our county is favored by having so liberal a buyer as Mr. Moss. A large crop of the weed is being laid out for this year.

About one and a half miles from Perryville, north of the Springfield turnpike, on the farm of Mr. Woodson Arnold, known as the Sam Bottom farm, was, until recently a beautiful woodland pasture of about fifty acres. This land was a portion of the eastern part of the battle field which was occupied by the confederates during that memorable struggle. The trees were recently cut and sawed into lumber, which made about 70,000 feet. Mr. Henry Young, the sawer, seriously damaged his saw on a grape shot. Musket balls were found deeply embedded in some of the logs. It is sad to know that the time came when these stalwart oaks that had stood like so many silent, faithful sentinels for forty-three years, keeping watch over that crimson field and which still bore in their aged trunks scars of that awful strife between the blue and the gray, had to be cut away to supply commercial demand. If Uncle Sam ever expects to buy and convert the Perryville battle ground into a park he ought to do so before every reminder of that bloody conflict is passed away forever.

Every winter those of us who live back on dirt roads see the importance of turnpikes, we think the time has come when every public road in the county should be well piked. It would greately increase the value of property as well as benifit the people. It is not doing the public right to keep it in the mud knee deep, for about four months in the year. That was the trouble with our friend Wharton the other night. Had he been on a good solid road he would have come out with flying colors instead of splashing around in the cold turbid water of Long Run. Our county is behind some of her sister counties in the matter of roads, but it is somewhat consoling to know that we are out of debt, and that

Continued on eighth page.

THAT STRANGE

"Girl" Over In Boyle Proves to Be a Pinkerton Detective.

The Danville News of Wednesday says: Much has been published throughout this section about the strange actions of Miss Eugenia Calby, who visited Parksville, Persimmon and Alum Springs and spent several days with farmers along the Stanford pike. She rode a pony followed by five or six hounds, and at different times performed acrobatic and equestrian feats of great merit.

At Parksville she acted in such a strange and weird manner that a number of colored people thought she was a hoodoo or sorcerer and immediately took to the bed, claiming to be desperately ill. Aunt Sarah Frye was so badly frightened that she lost her sence of speech entirely.

She moved on to Mitchellsburg, thence to Alleaton and Gravel Switch and finally passed through Marion and Taylor countys into Green. There she frightened the people by her strange antics and different attempts were made to arrest her, but when the officers arrived she always managed to convince him that she was of sound mind.

Finally she created wild excitement among the yeomanry by casting aside her dress and coming forth in man's apparel. At that moment he had found the escaped prisoner for whom he had been looking.

His name could not be learned. He has been hunting an escaped murdered through this country and found him in Green county in a secluded neighborhood where he thought he would never be captured.

The detective was in the service of Pinkerton and the murderer had escaped from Texas where a reward of $2,000 had been offered for his capture.

He had been diving through this country for two or three years and had finally settled in a secluded part of Green county.

It is said that when the detective threw aside his dress displaying a large badge, the escaped prisoner fainted and fell to the grond. When he regained consciousness he related the whole story of his escape. He had married in Green and was living happily and stood in high esteem among his neighbors. The detective proved to be one of the shrewdest-looking individuals recently seen in Green county and after he captured his man, dressed dead swell. His ponies and dogs were shipped to his Texas home while the prisoner was hand-cuffed and taken back by rail to his doom. It is said that the dogs were carried along for the purpose of trailing the prisoner in case he should try to escape into the knobs after arrested. The detective had been informed that a man of the description of the prisoner wanted had been seen in the Boyle county near the knob line and for that reason the visit was made to this section. Just how the officer happened to drop into the location of the murderer is unknown, but he had been working on the case for many months. The strange detective accounted for equestrian feats by announcing that he was fomerly engaged with a circus. The colored people around Parksville are in high spirits since the facts came out.

Just in Time.

Lebanon Enterprise: When W. L. Purdy and Will Murphy reached the ford near Bradfordsville, enroute home from this city last Monday evening, they found that the heavy rain had swollen the stream so that it was beyond fording. A hurried consultation and they concluded it was safer to ride the horse across than to risk it in the buggy.

Their plan seemed a wise one until about mid-stream, when the horse got tired and decided to lie down. The two men were in a serious predicament, and doubtless would have drowned had not Ernest Hartfield appeared upon the scene. By riding in the stream and allowing the unfortunate men to "hook on" to his horse's "fly brush," he managed to land them safely to shore. The horse that caused the trouble also managed to "pull for shore" when relieved of his burden.

"Keep off the Grass—by Jingo," reads a sign about the Hawesville Courthouse, and if you don't "keep off" you get arrested by Jingo, the Marshal.

Mr. Business Man!

If you are one of that "Limited Few" who "DOESN'T BELIEVE IN ADVERTISING" ask those who use

THE SUN'S ADVERTISING COLUMNS.

WASHINGTON CITY NEWS NOTES.

Matters of General Interest Briefly Discussed By a Correspondent The Oregon Land Frauds.

[Special Correspondence.]

Public Printer Stillings proposes to dispense with horses and wagons as an adjunct to the government printing office and to replace them with automobiles. He will confer with the president about it and will endeavor to get congress to appropriate for the purchase of the vehicles.

The immense business of the printing office requires about fifty wagons and more than a hundred horses. These are used in the hauling of paper and supplies, the delivery of printed matter to the various government buildings and the like. It costs heavily to maintain all these wagons and horses and the teamsters necessary to look after them. Mr. Stillings thinks he could save the government about $200,000 a year by turning to automobiles. It would, of course, require a heavy sum to buy the automobiles, but maintenance would not be a heavy item.

The printing office already has an electric plant, where the automobiles could be charged, so that there would be scarcely any additional expense for power. Then, too, it is calculated that better time could be made and fewer men would be required.

Oregon Land Frauds.

Francis J. Heney, special counsel for the government in the land fraud cases in Oregon, called on the president a few days ago and talked with him about the cases. Representative Bigger Hermann of Oregon, former commissioner of the general land office, will be brought to trial in Washington during the last week in March. There are two indictments against Mr. Hermann, one in this jurisdiction and one in Oregon. The District case will be prosecuted first, to be followed by the Oregon case. Mr. Heney will conduct both cases.

Annapolis In Plaster.

A new attraction for visitors at the navy department is a representation of the grounds and buildings at the Naval academy at Annapolis, as they will look when the scheme of improvement now being carried out is completed.

Two huge plaster models have been prepared and placed on exhibition in the main reception room of the secretary of the navy. They show clearly the topography of the ground, and models of the buildings are all presented. The work, in fact, is a miniature of the academy territory on the scale of one inch to thirty-two feet.

Door of Libby Prison.

The front door of Libby prison, that did guard during the civil war, is on exhibition in a buffet on Pennsylvania avenue. It is the only part of that historic jail that was not removed to Chicago when the structure was taken down in Richmond and transferred to the western city twenty years ago.

The door is six feet high and three and a half feet wide. It is made of southern pine planking an inch thick, five inches wide and grooved. It is braced by three crossplaces, each an inch thick and eight inches wide. On the back the marks of the old fashioned jointed hinges on which it swung are plain, and on the top crossplece are the imprint and the broken bolts of what was evidently a stout iron bar or brace. The planking, originally painted a dark brown, is now ashy gray with age. The lock is a cumbersome, old style one, also 8 by 8 inches.

Rude Carvings.

The lettering rudely carved on these boards excites deep interest.

One or two primitive attempts at artistic carving were made, but most of the prisoners seem to have been content with plain lettering. A few days ago an old member of the Thirtieth New York volunteers, who when a prisoner had carved his name on the door, hearing that it was in Washington came to see it. He recognized it at once and, drawing a huge key from his pocket, tried the lock. It fitted perfectly. The key, he said, had been used in the lock when he was confined there, and on his release he had secretly taken it away.

Accurate Bookkeeping.

A committee of experts from the treasury department recently finished an examination of the books of F. L. Evans, who for ten years has been distributing officer for the department of agriculture. The committee found that the government owes the clerk $2.10, for which a voucher will be issued. The examination was made necessary by Mr. Evans' ill health. He has taken an indefinite leave of absence, and he has had to turn all his accounts over to an assistant. During the ten years he was disbursing clerk he paid out more than $41,000,000. No officer of the government ever made such a record for accuracy. Had the discrepancy been ten times as great and had that money been due the government instead of Evans there would have been no remark about it.

The Favorite Flower.

The governors of the house of representatives have changed the color of their floral decorations. It used to be the flaming scarlet carnation that found favor in the eyes of Cannon, Dalzell, Payne and Grosvenor, but now it is a pale pink shade of that delightful flower that is in favor.

Fake Antiquels.

One of the most remarkable pieces of fake carving the National museum has ever seen was submitted to Professor Baird when he was living several years ago, said Professor Holmes the other day. It came from some one down in Texas and was a beautiful piece of work in smooth stone about three feet long. It was a grotesque animal made up with part of the head of a rhinoceros, the feet of an elephant, the beak of a parrot, the tail of a lizard and the hind feet of an alligator. But it was clearly a fake, for the work was too fine and the design was such as none of the Indian tribes ever conceived. It was sent back and afterward lost sight of and possibly now is the show piece in some private collection.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Springfield Post Office for week ending January 31, 1906:

G. Y. Breeding, John Elery, Miss Nellie Frey, Miss Mary Hagan, G. G. Hockinson, Miss Dollie James, Miss Rose L. Mason, Eli Moberly, Miss Ora Marehead, Mrs. Belle Mareman, Mrs. Rose Montgomery, Mrs. Fred Riordian, P. S. Roberts, Mrs. Mary L. Webb, Mrs. Emma Wilson, Rev. E. Williams.

W. A. WATERS, Postmaster.

FOURTH DISTRICT

Politics As Discussed By the Frankfort Correspondent of Courier-Journal.

An interesting situation prevails in the Fourth district. T. Scott Mayes is an avowed candidate. What Congressman Dave Smith will do he has not yet made public. Some of those who want to run seem to think that Mr. Smith had decided two years ago not to run after this term expired. It seems apparent that he has not decided finally either to run or not to run. Senator Harry Lancaster, who is Mr. Smith's secretary, said he had no positive information as to Mr. Smith's intentions. It is posible that something positive may be known in a few weeks. It is understood, however, that Mr. Mayes will be a candidate whether Mr. Smith is or not.

Will. D. Claybrooke, Washington county's representative in the Legislature, has been mentioned, but he will not make the race. He will probably be for Mr. Mayes if he runs. It is altogether likely that he will be a candidate for the Senate next time, it being Washington's, next time to name the candidate.

James Wortham, of Grayson county, is also said to be a prospective candidate. Mr. Wortham was in the State Senate some years ago and is counted a capable lawer. He is said to have been considering entering the race at different times in the past, but as the day approaches for candidates to enter the field, talk of his name grows stronger. The county papers in his district and members of the Legislature from his district are talking of him.

Leachman-Sweeney.

Miss Elma Leachman and Mr. Oscar Sweeney were married at the home of bride's mother, Mrs. Nelson Leachman, of the Pleasant Grove vicinity, last Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The ceremony, was performed by the Rev. Overstreet, of the Presbyterian church, immedeatly after which the bride and groom repaired to the home of the groom's father, at Mackville, where an elegant supper awaited them. Both the bride and groom are prominent, and have many friends who extend best wishes.

Mrs. Berry Dead.

Mrs. William Berry, formerly of this place, died at her home, near Gravel Switch, last night. The deceased was seventy odd years of age, and lived in Springfield for many years, when she and her husband, the late William Berry, conducted a hotel in the Berry House. Mr. Tony Berry is a son of the deceased. Mrs. Berry was a member of the Baptist church. The body will be brought to this place to-morrow afternoon for interment.

JENKINSVILLE.

Mr. Will Harmon was in Louisville last week on business.

J. H. Robinson bought a cow from George Lawson $35.

Dock Harmon and son sold 7,000 pounds of tobacco to Mr. Moss at Springfield at 7½c per pound.

Mr. Edgar Salmon is very low with pneumonia. Mr. Woodson Hatchett is also suffering with pneumonia.

Miss Maggie Rose is the guest of her brother at Parksville this week.

Mr. Will Webb was moved into our midst.

Messrs. Herbert Harmon and Lee Dunsmore, of Brunfield, were the guest of Mr. Will Harmon Saturday night and Sunday.

An Old Lady Dead.

Mrs. Polly Lawson died at her home at this place last Thursday, January 25, in her seventy-ninth year, her death being due to the infurmaties of age. Mrs. Lawson leaves one son and two daughters, who have the sympathy of all in their bereavment. The deceased was a kind and charitable woman, and an affectionate mother. She was a devout Christian and her children are consoled by the thought that mother is with the God she loved.

Fourteen-year-old "Fou" Frazier, is in jail at Mayfield, carged with stealing chickens, obtaining money under false pretenses and horse stealing.

GRAND-MOTHER

Of Henry Watterson Born In the "Old Fort" Over In Mercer.

Harrodsburg Democrat: Every Kentuckian is proud of the eminent and brilliant Henry Watterson, editor of the Courier-Journal. In the journalistic world he stands alone, and as a poet, writer and orator he has few equals. We of Harrodsburg will be glad to know and cherish a fact not generally known—that Mr. Watterson is a grandson of the Old Fort and loyal to its history.

In a letter accepting an invitation to deliver the address of welcome at the great "home-coming" of Kentuckians at Louisville next June, Mr. Watterson says:

"It may not be known to many that, although I first saw the light outside the State, my forbears were all Virginians and Kentuckians, my paternal grandfather the earliest preacher of Madison county, and all my kindred Revolutionary soldiers and pioneers. I heard from the lips of a grayhaired grandsire the sublime epic of the pathfinders; as a child I carried the gamebag of one who had actually fought the Indians and hunted wild beasts, and all my life I have carried in my blood the spirit of forestrangers and the music of the greenwood trée. So it happens that I shall be able to speak not without some warrant, nor in words wholly borrowed from books."

Marion Conuty.

Falcon: Mr. F. Marion Caskey and Mrs. Elizabeth Bricken were married at the home of the bride at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening.

Henry Johnson, age 21 years, died at his home near this city yesterday morning. He was a son of Mr. W. M. Johnson, the painter, and was a young man of good character.

Mr. J. T. Alexander, who has been agent for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company here during the past year, and Miss Maynie Bricken were married.

Early Monday morning Mr. Bert Hardin, aged 21 years, and Miss Mattie Hays, age 16 years, a popular and well known young couple of New Market, eloped to Tennessee and it is supposed ere this they have been made man and wife.

Mr. U. S. Tolliver, a young farmer of the Gravel Switch neighborhood, and Miss Ova Ramsey, a pretty 17-year-old girl of the same place, were married at the Brinton House in this city Wednesday.

The firm of Smith & Blair, of Chicago, have filed papers of assignment in the County Clerk's office here, naming Messrs. T. O. Norris and F. N. Blair as assignees. The assignment was made by Mr. Leo Smith, the surviving member of the firm and Mr. Nick Blair, administrator of the late Aaron Blair, the other member of the firm. The assets are thought to be about $5.000 while the liabilities are about $8,000. These young men purchased the business of Mr. C. N. Ballard at Chicago about a year ago and Mr. Blair died last fall.

Thompson-Curry.

This afternoon at 3 o'clock at the home of R. D. Thompson in Louisville, Miss Susie Thompson and Mr. Oscar Curry were married by Rev. Father Walsh. They will leave for Springfield immediately after the ceremoney and will make their home at this place. Miss Thompson is a very attractive young lady, who formerly lived in this county. She is a member of the well-known Thompson family and is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Thompson. Mr. Curry is one of the best known young men about town. He is now working for Grundy & McIntire.

The post-office at Anchorage was robbed of about $500 early Monday morning, the safe being blown open with giant power. The burglars escaped by stealing a horse and buggy and coming to Louisville. The only clew is the print of a man's left hand in the dust on a typewriter cover showing one finger to be missing.

The Adventurers.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

Copyright, 1898, By Harper & Brothers

I considered. To say the truth, I did not like it myself, but would it be wise to divide our forces?

After a momentary reflection I decided to do so, and, enjoining upon Montgomery a strict vigilance, I crawled after Sheppard toward the upper battlements.

Once we had reached the ramparts we proceeded more quickly, but still with great caution, stopping at intervals to reconnoiter the ground below. But there was nothing to be seen or heard, and until we had passed the keep and had got upon the western wall we encountered no sign of the enemy. Here, however, Sheppard stopped short and pressed his hand on my shoulder.

"Down!" he said.

Simultaneously with his words a whiz of cold air passed my nose, and a small crack of some firearm ensued upon it.

"That's by way of introduction," said Sheppard, "and now the fight begins."

Keeping our heads below the parapet, we stumbled as fast as possible along the roof, and presently after rounded the corner to the northern wall. Here a sight met our eyes, even in that obscurity, which struck amazement and even terror to my heart. I have already spoken of the sycamore which stood outside my bedroom window and beyond the moat. It was a lofty tree, spreading very amply, and mounted to within a dozen feet of the parapet. This the ingenious wits of some one—and I had no hesitation in naming the author of the plan—had utilized to scale the walls. As I found afterward, a tough and serviceable rope had been employed to connect the peaks of the battlement with the tree, and over this, as we came into sight, the black figures of men were scrambling. I had little doubt on thinking over it subsequently that my presence in the basement revealed to the man in the moat had given the signal for the adventure, seeing that I was not likely to be in my chamber and able to detect them ere the enterprise had gone forward sufficiently.

Both of us sprang forward on the instant, but ere we could reach the spot the foremost of the men, landing, stood up and made at us with a cutlass. Taken aback by the shock, Sheppard, who was in front, gave way, and the weapon, swinging heavily, cut the air with a formidable whistle and struck the leads near my foot. I leaped at the fellow's throat, drawing my revolver, and, borne back by the impetus of my charge, he stumbled against the second man. But by this time some half dozen of the storming party had gained the ramparts and without a pause bore down upon us. No shots were fired, and the struggle that ensued was decided in a silence almost complete, save for the noise of our hurrying feet, the sound of blows and the hard breathing of the combatants. I cannot but admit that if the dawn had been a little further advanced and it had been possible to distinguish between the various bodies raging in the medley things would have gone very badly with us. But as it was the darkness fought for us once more, as it had fought the previous evening. I brought the butt of my revolver full upon the head of one man, and he fell like a log. Sheppard's arms were twisted round another, and the two, swaying together, stood out for an instant against the sky and were then snapped up into the confusion of the melee. Blows rained upon us, and the warm gush of blood started from my arm. With a rush we were carried backward, and the struggle seemed all over. At that instant I bethought me of Montgomery and Williams, and, getting my finger on the trigger of my weapon, I fired. The shot flew aimlessly, but the noise rang loud upon the heights and passed from the courtyard in dwindling echoes. Then, throwing off the man who was struggling with me, I seized Sheppard's arm, and, dragging him from the kneeling posture into which he had been thrust, I ran across the leads toward the round tower of the keep. Sheppard raced with me, panting as he went, and after us pressed a thin stream of black creatures just visible against the heavens. Scrambling up the stairway, we jammed down the lid which gave access to the top of the tower and, turning, looked down upon the nether battlements.

After an ineffectual rally upon the stairs the assailants drew off and, huddling in a group some twenty paces away, whispered together. I heard the sounds of their voices stirring in argument, and now and then a syllable came to me, faintly familiar. Where had I heard it? Above the rest and lighted by the kindling sky towered a form which I took to be Sercombe's. For the space of three minutes or more this interval of rest continued, and then a louder voice cried something from the terrace. I recognized it now. The language was Greek, and those strange and horrible creatures, that seemed somehow to my excited brain compact of all deformities, were Greeks—sailors also, as I conjectured from the smartness of the trick which had led to our discomfiture. At this moment a low whistle came from the farther corner of the tower, and immediately two heads stole over the coping.

"It is I," said Montgomery. "What has happened?"

We welcomed them with warmth and hastily unfolded the situation, but the words were scarce out of my

I leaped at the fellow's throat.

mouth when a noise of feet and a clanging of iron proclaimed a renewed attack upon the tower. Upon those heights, as I have explained, lay the wreckage and debris of centuries. Groping in this, Montgomery found a large stone and, leaning over the parapet, hurled it down upon the crowd. Almost as quick as thought we followed his example and had the satisfaction of seeing the parties withdraw to a safer distance. It was now plain to me that Sercombe had issued an order against the use of firearms. If the business could be managed without undue disturbance, he had decided that it was wiser. Indeed, the strange part of this remarkable encounter was that, saving the first shot and my own signal of distress, the conflict had been carried on in comparative silence.

I had also come to the conclusion that the fight was one to obtain possession of ourselves. It was to secure our bodies that the attack was directed. Sercombe knew well enough and Hood knew even better that to gain access to the precincts of the castle meant very little provided we were still at liberty and able to resist a forcible removal of the treasure. Bound and gagged or stunned or dead we should offer them no further trouble, and the treasure of the Vyrians would be theirs to deport at their convenience.

Sheppard clicked the trigger of his revolver. "The first man that essays this position shall find the time has come for real warfare," he observed quietly.

"Do not be in a hurry," I answered. "We have still the upper hand." He waited expectant. "You know the drum tower down which I climbed? I think it would not be a bad plan to venture that and take them in the rear."

"The devils are plotting mischief," said Sheppard uneasily.

"I wonder if we could manage that ascent," I said.

Montgomery moved forward. "I will," he said.

"No, no," said Sheppard.

"I think I had better go," I hazarded.

"You're wanted here," said Montgomery. "I know the way." And ere I could speak or interfere he sprang away and was on the ladder leading to the southern battlements.

"Come back! Come back!" I called under my breath.

"Ned, Ned! Don't spoil his chances," whispered Sheppard, and we watched his big body vanishing in silence.

"That boy is going to his death," he murmured. "I hope you'll trust him now."

"Oh, hang your sentiment!" I answered uneasily.

"I think we'd better go back," he said after a pause, and we returned to Williams. The man stood like a rock, his eyes riveted eagerly upon the dark figures of our antagonists. "Shall I fire?" said he in his high Welsh voice.

"No," said I. "Hold yourself together and fire if I tell you. We shall have blood on our hands soon enough."

There followed another space of silence, broken only by the interjected voices below murmuring in conference. For my own part I was taken up with Montgomery and his hazardous venture. I blamed myself for not stopping him at any cost, and in my mind's eye I followed him in his perilous ascent. It was still too dark to watch his progress, for the drum tower was as yet shrouded in vagueness, and no sound greeted us from the stillness of the breaking dawn. I think some five minutes passed in this dreadful stage of anxiety, and then I observed a movement among the men below. Evidently they had concerted some plan, and we were to resist a fresh attack. Just at this point, and when our thoughts had been necessarily called off Montgomery and were directed to the new development, there arose a loud whooping on the battlements, and a tall black body ran in the rear of the stormers and fell upon them. I saw in the gray light something as a [illegible] rise and fall, and I heard the astonished cries of the enemy.

"Down! Down! Follow me," I said sharply and, scrambling by the stairway, flew out upon the battlements, with Sheppard and Williams at my heels. I had only my revolver for the attack, but I used the heavy butt freely, and cries and curses arose from the pack of Greeks. They scattered like a flight of sparrows, and Montgomery almost fell into my arms in the ardor of his onset. Then we pursued, and as they ran I fired some barrels of my revolver in the air. The alarm increased their panic, and, turning the corner, they flung themselves in confusion on the ropes that connected with the sycamore. I heard Sercombe's voice cursing, but where in the melee he was I had no notion, for at that moment there arose before us, I cannot say whence, a tall figure, very lithe and active, that grappled with me, gurgling strange oaths. Two strong arms were braced about my back, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I kept my feet. Together we swayed and rocked, drawing nearer to the edge of the parapet.

With all the strength at my command I flung my body forward, and, twisting my legs about my opponent's, I bore him sideways toward the roof. As I did so he wriggled a hand free and snatched it to him, fumbling in his coat. I bent him backward, and suddenly his hand stood out before my eyes, with all the light of the gray dawn gleaming upon steel. Death certainly affronted me in that second, but I hardly knew it, for quickly an arm was thrust over mine, where it gripped the ruffian round the loins, and the next instant his hand fell and his head went back, and, slipping through my grasp, the body rolled over the parapet and dropped, with a splashing plunge, into the waters of the moat.

It was some seconds ere I could look round, and when I did Sheppard was standing by my side, a long Persian dagger in his hand, gazing vacantly over the stone coping, and the ramparts were clear of the enemy.

"You saved my life, old man," I gasped.

"I believe I did," he returned slowly, but seemed to be pondering something, so remote and abstracted was his air. He stepped forward and severed with his knife the ropes which bound the sycamore.

"You must chop that down," he said.

Suddenly a great glow lit up the eastern heavens, and the trees and the time worn ramparts rose green and gray in the morning. The dawn broke over us. No living soul was visible in that early light, and only the water rocked faintly against the masonry of the castle, carrying on its surface that inert body.

Sheppard's hand opened in a spasm, and the knife fell, cutting an arc of light. He looked up at me and smiled wearily. "I think I'll go to bed, old chap."

"You have had no rest for forty-eight hours," said I. "Don't be a fool; sleep before you think."

"Yes; I believe I'll take your advice," he replied mechanically and, turning slowly, marched with a dull and sober step toward the drum tower. I watched him go, and then I turned to the others.

"Any damage?" I asked.

Montgomery showed his teeth. "Pooh!" he said. "They didn't show fight!"

Williams shook his head. "I have a bad knuckle," he said.

I positively yelled with laughter. Somehow the hilarity would not be denied. "I owe you both thanks," I said presently. "Montgomery, you're a brick, and I won't forget it." He hung his head in a sheepish fashion, but I doubt not was very well pleased. "Now get you gone," I resumed. "There will be nothing further tonight, and if there is I will let you know."

For my own part sleep was impracticable, worn and jaded though I was. The events of the night and of that sharp struggle clamored in my brain, arresting every sense to attention. I leaned over the parapet and watched the dawn come up for the second time, but today it rose in different circumstances, flushed and lurid, menacing storm. The sky was red as with blood, and a black cloud fringed the margin of the horizon. My thoughts flew about like a whirling wheel, leaving upon me dim impressions. The light grew apace and struck the castle walls with fire. I was aware of something in the moat below, but my mind made no inquiries. It rested palpitant and turning upon itself in idle revolutions. The sounds of the dawn crept out across the quietude, and the trees waved and shook in a gust of air. Disturbed by this flux of the wind, or overbalanced by its own weight, a jagged stone toppled on the parapet and fell. It struck the water with a crash, and my eyes followed it. Then it was that for the first time I knew what had been beating at the door of my brain.

Suddenly, and at the instant sight of it, the confusion of my wits precipitated, and they settled clear and sharp. The cloud passed from me, and I stared with open eyes and a dreadful appreciation at the body.

The water was tossed into undulations started by the fallen stone, and the body, supported across a fallen branch, rose and fell with the water. Drawing back, I moved to another part of the battlement. But the thought pursued me in my flight. Had Sheppard struck too soon? Was it, indeed, inevitable? For the first time there grew into solid fact the horror of the supposition I had several times entertained. We were embarked upon a war, committed of our own act and will to a deadly strife, of which no one of us could see the end. And beneath me, stored in the vaults of the venerable fortalice, lay the accursed treasure for which this blood must be spilled. Hastily I withdrew and mount-

Dr. W. F. Trusty,

Practical

Dentist,

SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY.

Dental work at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed.

Office over Haydon & Barber.

Dr. J. M. Burton,

RESIDENT DENTIST.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY.

All Dental Work Strictly First-class. Springfield, Ky.

Office in Hagan Block, up stairs.

B. D. LAKE,

Insurance Agent.

SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY.

Life, Fire and Accident.

Old Massachusetts Mutual, always reliable and the best dividend-paying company in the world. Your insurance solicited.

DR. J. H. LAMPTON. DR. J. C. MUDD.

LAMPTON & MUDD.

SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY.

OFFICE OVER C. J. HAYDON'S DRUG.

Office Hours: 12 M. to 2 P. M.

Dr. J. H. Hopper,

SPRINGFIELD, KY.

Office in Hagan Block—Up stairs.

Phones: Residence, 71; office, 97.

MISS ELLA ADAMS, NURSE

TELEPHONES:

Day, 49. Night, 409.

T. SCOTT MAYES,

ATTY-AT-LAW,

Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties, in the Court of Appeals and Federal Courts.

C. C. McCHORD,

ATTY-AT-LAW,

Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in all State and Federal Courts.

W. D. CLAYBROOKE,

ATTY-AT-LAW,

Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in the courts of Appeals.

W. E. SELECMAN,

ATTY-AT-LAW,

Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in court of Appeals.

MARSHALL DUNCAN,

LAWYER

Springfield, Ky.

Office in Robertson Building.
Will practice in the Courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

S. M. CAMPBELL,

AUCTIONEER,

Springfield, Ky.

Crying of public sales a specialty. "Will go anywhere." Terms reasonable. Phone 84.

USE MARKS & STIX CINCINNATI
Boots—Shoes—Rubbers
Cost Least—Wear Best.
Salesman, - - - E. C. BOGGS.

CLUBBING RATES —WITH— LOUISVILLE DAILIES.

The Sun and The Louisville Times one year	$5 00
The Sun and the Daily Courier-Journal (except Sunday)	6 40
Same including Sunday	8 20
The Sun and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week	3 70
The Sun one year and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week, six months	2 30
The Sun and the Sunday Courier-Journal one year	2 80
The Sun and the Louisville daily Herald one year	3 00
The Sun and the Louisville Evening Post one year	4 00

WASHINGTON COUNTY BUSINESS DIRECTORY

WHEN YOU WANT TO MAKE A PURCHASE, MAKE IT AT HOME; when you want to have a job of work done, have it done at home. If you go away from home to buy, or if you go away from home to have work done, nine times out of ten you hurt yourself worse than you do the home merchant or the home mechanic. At home the merchant knows you and will not misrepresent his goods to you, he has known you for years, he is your friend, he doesn't want to cheat you, he doesn't want your money for nothing. If you have ever bought anything from a mail-order house doubtless you can remember of having received different treatment. Their propositions look nice in print, but don't "come up." Pay your money "out" at home and it may "come back" again, but send it to one of the big mail order houses and it will buy 25-cent cigars for some millionaire in a European home. The Sun begs to call the attention of its subscribers to the following businesses, conducted in Springfield and Washington county by honest and honorable men. When you want to make a purchase look over this list and select your store. You will be tickled when you compare your purchase with that of the man who bought from the big mail-order house. TRY YOUR HOME MERCHANT FIRST; THAT WILL BE TREATING HIM FAIR.

HAYDON & BARBER.
Dealers In
Groceries, Hardware, Harness, Etc.

ROBERTSON BROS.
Dealers In
Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Etc.

HAGAN BROTHERS.
Dealers In
Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Etc.

C. W. Hagan.
Dealer In
Groceries, Vegetables, Ice, Beer, Etc.

George B. Taylor.
General Repair Shop. Umbrella Re-covering a Specialty.

W. E. Leachman
Dealer In
Furniture, Carpets, Musical Instruments

T. Irvine McElroy.
Dealer In
Fancy Groceries and Produce.

James J. Graves.
Watchmaker and Jeweler. Repairing Done on Short Notice.

Conrad Hertlein.
Baker and Confectioner. The Best Meals Served.

Grundy, Claybrooke & McIntire,
Dealers In
Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes.

Red Cross Drug Store.
Stationary and Toilet Articles. Prescriptions A Specialty.

McElroy & Shultz.
Dealers In
Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Etc.

C. J. Haydon.
Druggist and Pharmacist. Paints Oils, Varnish, Toilet Articles.

Ed. M. Russell.
Jeweler. Fine line Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Etc.

L. and N. Railroad Time Table.

Incoming Trains.	Sun'y only No. 91.	Daily, No. 43.	Daily No. 41.
Arrives at Springfield	8:25 p. m.	12:40 p. m.	7:05 p. m.
Arrives at Bardstown	7:35 "	11:00 a. m.	5:52 "
Arrives at Bardstown Junct'n	6:50 "	9:30 "	5:02 "
Leaves Louisville	6:00 "	7:30 "	4:10 "

Outgoing Trains.	Daily No. 42.	Sun'y only No. 90.	Daily No. 44
Leaves Springfield	5:25 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	1:20 p. m.
Leaves Bardstown	6:17 "	8:00 "	2:20 "
Leaves Bardstown Junct'n	7:03 "	8:45 "	4:10 p. m.
Arrives at Louisville	7:55 "	9:35 "	5:45 p. m.

No. 2 Folding Brownie

Price, $5.00

A wonderfully capable and accurate camera built on the Kodak plan. Good enough to satisfy experienced photographers, yet so simple that children can use it.

PICTURES 2¼ x 3¼ inches.

Loads in daylight with film Cartridges.

Fitted with meniscus lens, and shutter with iris diaphragm stops.

Full description in Kodak Catalog FREE at any photographic dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

THE SUN and Daily Herald $2

The Adventurers

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers

ed to the top of the keep. I could bear the fellowship no longer, and yet there arose now upon my mind, premeditating flight, a new perplexity. I dared not leave the body there, exposed to the sight of the world. Doubting in my thoughts and torn by shapeless fears, I stood irresolute, but at that moment my attention was caught by a movement in the bushes across the park. A head peeped out and scrutinized the scene with diligence. Then Sercombe's face emerged, red and bloated. He pushed through the covert and strode boldly toward the castle, followed presently by his companion, a rough, black fellow, with a gallows look. I watched them approach and halt under the walls, facing the dead body un-

The body rolled over the parapet.

derneath me. I suppose my outline appeared against the sky, for Sercombe looked up and fixed his eyes on me. But he said nothing, only addressed the Greek in an undertone. I leaned forward and regarded them intently. The rough fellow stepped to the brink of the moat and, stooping forward, pulled the floating bough toward him. It moved, carrying its hideous passenger. When next I looked the Greek had the body on his shoulders, and the two were retreating into the underwood. At the end of the reach of turf Sercombe came to a stand, and once more looked up at me. But he still made no sign, and I could imagine that the color of his face had faded. It seemed somehow to me to be ominous of the new position in which we were involved. I descended into the castle. Outside Sheppard's door I paused. It stood open, and I looked in. The light streamed through the window and fell across his face. He lay dressed upon the bed, a red stain of blood upon his cheeks, and as I gazed his hands moved convulsively—a contortion twisted his sleeping face. I left him and, returning to my own room, threw myself upon the bed.

CHAPTER XII.

IT was not long before we were visited by the first retribution for what might be accounted a crime and what was at least provoked by our own illegal acts. Indeed, the surprise fell sooner than I had anticipated, although it happened by the means I had always considered probable. That Williams, garrulous and sharp eyed Welshman as he was, could be secured in silence was well nigh impossible, for even if concealment had been for his personal benefit he would still have plied his tongue, and, though he were sworn to secrecy, the private transactions of this singular feud would have slowly dribbled through his communications and become current in the gossip of the country. This knowledge was mainly instrumental in deterring us from confiding in him. Burglars were the bugaboo we had brandished before him, and burglary, sure enough, was the word that ran over the district. The news came to us late that morning. As I gathered, Williams, who was keeping company with some girl of Llanellan, woke early from his belated sleep and ran down to the village, full of the battle. His own appearance in it, as I afterward discovered, had been gorgeously conceived and magniloquently rendered. I believe, according to his version, it was he, and he alone, who gave the signal for the final rout, and certainly he was the author of that fall from the battlements. But this was just as well, for the man knew nothing of its fatal issue, and poor Sheppard did not grudge him the credit.

But I am trespassing upon my narrative too rashly. Williams returned later in the morning and, apparently to celebrate his own cleverness, made his communications to me. He had given warning to the schoolmaster at Llanellan, who had offered to hand on the notice to the authorities at Raymond. I could have cursed the man for his folly and his babbling tongue, but I was just enough to recall that his conduct was merely natural. In truth, if he thought at all, he must have considered us a pack of egregious asses for not taking better precautions and acquiring the aid of the Raymond police. I could do nothing, therefore, but acquiesce with as good a grace as I might and wish heartily that we had left him sleeping as soundly as Mrs. Main and the maid, who, it appeared, had never opened an eye throughout the night, although the former asserted that she had dreamed "there was a thunderstorm-like," adding the enclitic familiar to her conversation.

But the situation remained to be faced, and I guessed that we should be confronted with it very shortly. Consequently we must compose a plan of action, and, whatever we agreed upon, must run no risk of denial at other hands. In this connection it seemed that I must pay a necessary visit to Sercombe, a task which for some reason was not to my taste. Sheppard, who had quite recovered himself and had not yet referred in any way to the event of the early morning, cordially approved my suggestion.

"It will be a wise course," he declared. "And, besides, I am anxious to inspect these foreigners nearer."

Where the Greeks were lodged we knew not, but it was evidently not at the Woodman, for on our arrival there the place was deserted except by the woman who had charge of Hood's kitchen. She could give us little information. She had not seen her master since she went to bed on the previous evening. But Captain Sercombe had been called at 9 o'clock and had gone out after eating a hasty breakfast. There was no one else staying in the house. Such was the information she imparted to us, influenced to her frankness, I had no doubt, by my position as the big landed proprietor of the place. Which way had Captain Sercombe gone? He had gone down the roadway in the direction of Raymond.

With this we had to content ourselves; but, determined at all hazards to catch Sercombe, Sheppard and I took the narrow lane that led down the valley in the hope of hitting upon him. At the bottom of the valley the stream makes an open pool of some considerable size upon a piece of flat land. Here it receives a few exiguous branches from the lower hills and rests, as it were, in those spreading shallows ere it narrows and spins for the Ray. The wood was sparse about the pool, but it was very private and retired from the roads, and it was quite by accident that we penetrated the wood so far. But here we perceived through the leafage the smoke of fires and heard the noises of human creatures, an uncommon feature in the silent Gwent. Pushing through the brushwood, we came next upon a veritable encampment in that friendly spot. And now we solved the riddle which had perplexed us earlier in the morning, for the first man my eyes fell upon was my old acquaintance of the squint. Here was not a camp of gypsies, but of cutthroat Greeks!

The discovery was no sooner made than it was confirmed by a voice sounding from my right and calling my name in familiar tones.

"Ah, how d'ye do, Mr. Greatorex? Glad to see you. What pleasant chance has brought you into our little village?"

The man stood before me as debonair and well groomed as ever, his puffy red face smiling cheerfully into mine and his bloodshot eyes twinkling with gayety. It seemed almost inconceivable that this fellow was but a few hours earlier upon the footing of a deadly foe and earnest to rob us even of our lives. And yet I confess that even at this juncture and after the grave events of the siege I experienced for him what always underlay my superficial feelings, a genuine liking. The impudence of the adventurer, his very gayety, the assumption he wore that whatever he did and however ruthlessly he pursued us he was still a welcome acquaintance—all these facts gave a charm to his person. His benignity was superb; it was that of an urbane philanthropist. He was ready to crack a joke with you, to recount his entertaining adventures in your ears or to offer you his choicest cigar. He was a man pre-eminently cast for so-

It was he, and he alone, who gave the signal.

cial popularity, and circumstances or his own wickedness had made him a scoundrel, and a very bad scoundrel at that.

And so it was that I responded quite affably to his greeting, oblivious of the past and almost forgetting the future. He stood by me, surveying the encampment, his bulky form overtopping mine by three inches at the least.

"It's a pity, Mr. Greatorex," says he, reflecting, "that these animals have no spunk. Spunk goes a long way with me, I will admit, and that warms my heart to you. I doff my hat to Mr. Sheppard and, by the way, to my young friend Montgomery also."

"What you lack in quality, I suppose, you calculate to make up in quantity." I said grimly.

"Precisely, Mr. Greatorex. You've hit it. That's the rub. If I had three of my mongrel Indians here I'd reckon to finish the job in a couple of days, but one has to use the material at hand."

"No doubt," said Sheppard, "but your plans must have been laid a long time."

The captain cast a curious glance at him. "Well, you seem to know," he said slowly. "But I tell you frankly that greed can carry too far and that a jaw too widely open will sometimes lose a bite; it takes too long to shut it. If I had managed this business"— But here, apparently recollecting himself, he broke off and turned away with a little frown. But presently he resumed, wearing his accustomed good humored expression. "There was never any good came of a Greek. I've known them upward of twenty years, and I never knew one that was fit for anything save to jab you in the back when you were not looking."

"I should say," remarked Sheppard mildly, "that you had a very suitable gang for your purpose."

Sercombe laughed. "Oh, I don't fancy the knife myself, though some people do."

Sheppard turned deathly pale, but he smiled politely and answered, "There is no knowing what scruples a man will develop."

This turn of the conversation suddenly woke me to a sense of my errand, and I quickly communicated my news to Sercombe.

"I thought we should come to this," he said cheerfully, "and I would have laid odds I should have had you here on this mission. I knew you would drop that mealy mouthed righteousness of yours. What I disliked in you, Mr. Greatorex, from the outset, if I may say so without offense, was your blamed British pharisaism. You couldn't look at a job squarely. It's not your fault, but that of your training. I had the same defect once myself, but a campaign in the Ionian isles knocked the pretenses out of me. That's how I came to know these scoundrels so well. Well, I'm glad we meet evenly at last. You can see for yourself there's not a penn'orth to choose between us, save that you've had first blood," and with that he looked at Sheppard.

This time Sheppard held his color under control, but he looked away, and I perceived, in spite of his severe restraint, a twitching of the nostrils.

"Come, come," said I, "we must take what steps we may in self defense against cutthroats, captain."

"I'm with you there," said Sercombe cheerily, "and the steps I usually take consist of a barker. I shoot out of my coat tails as often as not. My plan is to fire when I see a squint."

"I fear you rebuke me," I replied, with a bow, "but I swear that I would have fired if it had been any other place but London. I am so well known there."

Sercombe burst out laughing. "I once thought," he said, "that Mr. Sheppard was more my sort, but now I believe I pin my note on you!"

"You honor me," I returned, "but come to business."

The captain plucked his long red mustache meditatively. "I'm sorry I can't discuss this with you now, gentlemen," he said. "After all, it's your affair, though I admit I have a certain interest in it, but if I may come up and see you about 3 o'clock we can go into details. I fancy it's a concerted plan we want."

"That's so," I returned, feeling terribly mean and small to be conspiring so against the laws of my country with an admitted scoundrel.

"Very well; let us say 3," said the captain and stuck out his hand as though to dismiss us.

For myself, being in the frame of mind I have described, I contrived to overlook his arm, but Sheppard, all smiles, sprang forward and shook him heartily. "By the way," he said brightly, "and where is my friend Hood?"

"Hood!" echoed Sercombe and looked at us queerly. "Oh, Mr. Hood is inventing a new maneuver. He is a better soldier than I am, is Mr. Hood, naturally." I suppose he saw that we exchanged glances. "My dear sirs," he said, "I only tell you what you might suppose for yourselves. Mr. Hood is trying his hand at generalship, but I don't reveal his plan of campaign. Perhaps you guess it." And he burst out laughing rather unpleasantly.

It was obvious to both of us that there was a bitterness in Sercombe's words. Fallen though he was from a respectable estate and sunk as he had become in a career of dissipation and unscrupulous adventure, he still retained a certain feeling of his own dignity. How far the difference between Hood and himself had gone I could not know, but if it went much further it seemed as though we might take some advantage out of it. But of the two it was Hood—Hood, with his lean black face—that I feared.

Sercombe kept his appointment with commendable punctuality, entering our council chamber, if I may so describe the smaller of the halls in which we usually sat, with the jauntiness of his morning's encounter. Lunch was but newly over, and I felt myself descend in Montgomery's eyes when I offered the captain a glass of wine. He took it airily, even with a kind of rude grace, which sometimes characterized him, and nodded us a good health, plunging at once into the matter of his visit.

"You will excuse me, gentlemen. I can spare little time today. You will understand that I am very busy," this with a twinkling eye. "But we must needs oblige a friend, and I am here over a dusty road to meet you."

"We are gravely indebted to you," said I ceremoniously. "But I must point out that this point touches you as much as, if not more than, it affects us."

"We have shed no blood," said the captain emphatically, settling back for argument.

"'Tis not your fault, then," I retorted, "and, in any case, what blood was shed was spilled in self defense in repelling an illegal assault upon our persons and our property."

"You would find it difficult to prove that in a court of law," says he, casting his eye at me.

"I thought we were agreed to leave the law alone," said I.

"Unhappily," observed Sercombe, with a laugh, "the law won't leave us alone."

"Oh, come," said I impatiently, "we are confined to this, Captain Sercombe. Are you prepared to help us? You yourself say time presses. If not, it may well be that we shall throw the onus upon the proper offenders and leave you to shift for yourselves."

"And what about the treasure, my friend?" asked the captain, with an ogle.

"I know nothing of any treasure," I remarked calmly, "nor does either of my friends here. Presumably an attack was made upon the castle for the purpose of burglary, and I can conceive that my silver only was aimed at. I think that will suffice to explain the cowardly attack of some ruffianly foreigners. I think the Raymond police will easily understand that."

Sercombe looked somewhat blank, but in a moment resumed his cheerfulness. "Quite so, and, as such a course would benefit no one, we are to combine forces against a common enemy. Well, fire ahead."

At this moment an interruption came through the entrance of the maid with the announcement of some visitors at the door. We all stared at one another.

"Who are they?" I demanded.

But the girl, being raw and unsophisticated, had not inquired their names. They were, however, gentlemen, and there was a policeman with them. This was enough for us, and an uncomfortable silence fell on us. Sercombe raised his eyebrows and sucked in his lips soberly.

"Have 'em in," said Sheppard. I looked dubious. We had arranged nothing and had no plan of action between us. "It is far wiser," urged Sheppard. "Don't give it too elaborate an appearance." And, turning, he gave the order to the maid.

I was still doubting and Sercombe was regarding Sheppard with a certain grave interest when the maid returned, ushering in an important looking old gentleman with a very ceremonious manner and a man whom I took to be a sergeant in plain clothes.

"Mr. Greatorex?" asked the old gentleman, with heavy courtesy.

I bowed. "That's my name," I replied. "I suppose you have come upon this business of last night?"

"Yes, sir," said he, signaling to the sergeant, who forthwith pulled out a notebook. "It looks a bad thing for the

"I am a justice of the peace."

county. We haven't had so barefaced a crime in the neighborhood within the recollection of this generation. Indeed, the case seems remarkable; so remarkable that, happening to be at the station when your messenger arrived, I have considered it my duty to take up the affair in person. My name, sir, is Colonel Landell, and I am a justice of the peace."

I was evidently called upon to make some suitable rejoinder to his piece of oratory, and I bowed again and emphasized my satisfaction in receiving so distinguished and so famous a justice, who would soon dissipate the mists of suspicion and mystery with which this singular affair was involved.

This address set the old gentleman upon his legs, metaphorically speaking, and forthwith he plunged into the depths.

"This party, I understand, Mr. Greatorex," said he, "attacked you early this morning?"

"About 3 o'clock," I answered. He commended the reply to the sergeant, who scribbled in his book.

"Had you any reason to fear this assault was intended?"

I hesitated. "Well, to say the truth," I replied, "we were not wholly without some suspicions."

"I may take it upon myself to say, sir," suddenly broke in the captain, "that it was I that first put the suspicion into Mr. Greatorex's head."

He looked at me as if inviting my corroboration, and a twinkle glistened in the rascal's eye.

"That is true," said I gravely. "Captain Sercombe is entirely responsible for my suspicions."

The ambiguity of the phrase tickled us both, and a smile was very privately exchanged between us.

"May I ask, Captain Sercombe," said the old gentleman politely, recognizing this importation with a bow, "what reasons you had for supposing Ivor castle would be attacked in this extraordinary way, and whether you have any clew to the offenders?"

The captain lolled back in his chair and stroked his red mustache. "I used my eyes, colonel. I have lived a sharp life, sir. And when I see a fact I record it. That's a hint which is of use in your profession, as I make no doubt you know well enough," he said courteously. "This affair of the attack is a bad business; there's no denying that. But it might have been worse. No lives were lost, you see." And he glanced out of his ensanguined eyes at Sheppard.

"No; we must be thankful for that," observed the justice heartily. "But do I understand you that you had indeed actual evidence that the burglary was planned?"

"I can add two to two, colonel, and make them four," says Sercombe, seeming to be very complacent. "And, staying by accident in the same neighborhood with my friend Greatorex, I put a point on his wits. That was all. I make no claim to extra smartness, but when I see a number of lazy looking gypsies about, there's no good promised, according to my notions."

"You are right; you are right," agreed the justice. But here the sergeant struck in for the first time, casting a glance from sharp, beady eyes on the captain.

"Where were these gypsies, sir?"

We all looked at Sercombe, who showed not the least discomfiture, but bit the tip off a cigar.

"I trust I have your permission, Greatorex?" said he. "The gypsies, sir, are encamped at the bottom of the valley; have been so, indeed, for a week."

I was astonished at the man's audacity. He had actually revealed the secret of his nest of cutthroats. The sergeant turned the pages of his notebook.

"The man, Williams, examined this morning, states that one of the men, seen closely, looked like a foreigner—dark, stoutish; shouted in gibberish." He repeated the evidence monotonously.

Sercombe, puffing at his cigar, nodded. "That bears out my belief," he said. "Precisely—I thought so."

Colonel Landell turned to the sergeant. "This is important, Jones," he said. "You'd better attend to it at once. But one question more, Mr. Greatorex. Would you be able to identify any one of your assailants?"

"I fear not," I said. "You must remember that it was quite dark."

"Nor you, sir, I suppose?" he added, looking at Sheppard.

Sheppard shook his head doubtfully. "We were engaged in a pellmell struggle. The utmost I saw was the outlines of the men, but I can recall that one looked very like my friend Captain Sercombe—that is to say, in the dark."

Sercombe laughed. "My dear fellow, I wish I had been there. I'm sorry I missed it. But I shall have better luck another time, if I stick to Sergeant Jones."

The officer smiled without emotion, and the colonel put his question formally to Montgomery, who promptly returned a negative. Landell moved toward the door, but suddenly the police officer touched him on the shoulder and whispered in his ear, then faced us again.

"It was lucky you had that moat filled and the drawbridge up, sir. What made you take those precautions?" he demanded.

"We were forewarned, as you have heard," I answered.

He referred to his notes. "Was the warning sufficiently urgent to induce you to go to that trouble?" he asked slowly.

"You can judge for yourself, if we went to the trouble," I returned sharply.

Imperturbably he repeated his question again. "What were the terms of the warning?"

The man took me aback, and, moreover, I was a little angry at this impertinent inquisition; but before I could arrest my thoughts for a reply Sercombe intervened.

"I can recollect what I said very well," he said, taking the cigar from his mouth, "if it interests you, sergeant. I said: 'Greatorex, there's a number of very indifferent looking scoundrels down the valley. You have some valuable plate, and this is a lonely spot. Moreover, I saw a couple of them hanging furtively about the plantations as I came up. Now, I've never seen a moat full nor a drawbridge work, and if I were you and you were me, I fancy this ditch would be filled and the bridge hung up for my satisfaction and your edification and for the confusion of any nefarious scoundrel with a big maw.' These were the exact words, as I happen to remember, in which I introduced the subject, as Mr. Greatorex will no doubt recall, though he is not likely to have the terms on his tongue, like myself. But that, I reckon, is what started it." And with this Sercombe replaced his cigar between his teeth and went on smoking tranquilly.

The sergeant thanked him, frowning in some embarrassment; then he turned on his heel and, saluting to the company, vanished after his superior through the doorway.

Sercombe got up. "Well, we can break up now, gentlemen," he said. "Sorry to interrupt harmony, but I've got business to do."

"I am greatly obliged to you," I said, somewhat sheepily.

"You're very welcome," says the captain, with a wide smile.

"But what about the gypsies?" I continued.

"Oh, I suppose the police will catch them," he remarked, his grin growing broader. "But, you see, none of you would be able to recognize them."

Sheppard burst into laughter, and I was fain to follow him, but Montgomery stared in amazement and with a certain latent dislike at the adventurer, pursuing him out into the courtyard with his steadfast eyes.

CHAPTER XIII

SERCOMBE'S frankness proved of a piece with his conduct hitherto. I could not imagine the old soldier making a bad blunder, and the news that came to us later demonstrated the method in his candor. Sheppard encountered the sergeant near Llanellan and found that his expedition into the Gwent had had no luck. There was no camp in the bottom. Evidences of the recent presence of strangers there were in plenty, but not a sign remained to indicate into what hiding place they had withdrawn. To move a number of persons, with their effects and the men foreigners too, and thereby certain to attract the attention of the villagers, would seem impracticable without some public notice. But apparently no one had seen a trace of the fugitives. They had vanished as completely as though the encampment had been a mirage of our disordered brains.

Continued next week.

INSURANCE. Insure in the Farmers Home Insurance Co. of Junction City, Ky., only Co. in the State that makes any claim of paying its losses in full

Shoe Repairing.

I am located in the wholesale harness shop of Allen & Begemann, and am prepared to do all kinds of high-class shoe repairing at the most reasonable prices.

ADOLPH ZAHNZINGER,

17 The deaf and dum shoemaker.

THE FIRST

National Bank,

—OF—

SPRINGFIELD, — KENTUCKY.

CAPITAL $50,000.

Surplus and Undivided Profits $25,000.

OFFICERS.

B. L. Litsey, — President.
John W. Lewis, — Vice-President.
A. C. McElroy, — Cashier.
L. B. Cain, — Ass't Cashier.
R. E. Foster, — Bookkeeper.

DIRECTORS.

B. L. Litsey, J. W. Lewis,
Sidney Green, F. M. Campbell,
R. H. Edelen, H. M. Grundy,
Jno. O. Polin.

We grant every favor consistent with safe banking. If you have not already an account with this bank we invite your patronage.

C. M. Tumey Lee Riley, Jr.

TUMEX & RILEY.

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLE.

Springfield, Ky.

Nice Outfits For Traveling Men.
Phone 18

YOUNEEDIT SALVE CURES

Youneedit Salve manufactured by Dr. J. W. Thomas, Hodgenville, Ky., is one of the very few salves which absolutely cures piles. As an evidence of its wonderful curative properties, Dr. Thomas now has on file in his office 1426 testimonials, coming from people who have been cured or greatly benefited the past year. This is a new salve, having been on the market about one year and the 1426 testimonials come as a result of the sale of 2646 boxes.

For Sale By All Druggists.

DR. J. W. THOMAS,
Hodgenville, Ky.

JOHN Y MAYES,

Funeral Director
—And—
Licensed Embalmer,

SPRINGFIELD, - - KENTUCKY.

Best Attention.
Every courtsey shown.

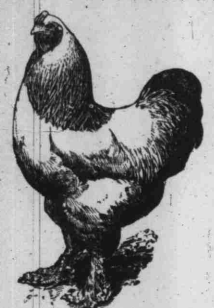
Handsome Line of Caskets and Burial Robes.
Telephone: Day, 19; Night, 74.

Chamberlain's

Cough Remedy

The Children's Favorite
—CURES—
Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

This remedy is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world. It can always be depended upon. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.
Price 25 cts; Large Size, 50 cts.



Hold Your Poultry!

I WILL WANT ANOTHER CARLOAD OF POULTRY SOON; YOU CAN MAKE MONEY BY HOLDING YOUR POULTRY FOR ME. DON'T SELL OR KILL THE HENS.

M. H. JONES.

SPRINGFIELD SUN

Wednesday, January 31, 1906.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION, - - ONE DOLLAR.
(In Advance.)

J. ROGERS GORE, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at Springfield, Ky., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TELEPHONE NUMBER 112.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year	$1.00
Six Months	50
Three Months	25

☞ In writing to have your address changed always give the postoffice to which your paper is going as well as the postoffice to which you wish it sent.

DR. POWELL "HAS AN IDEA"

Dr. Powell, Louisville's eminent divine, suggests that Gov. Beckham pardon Kentucky's fugitives from justice in order that they may be "with us" next June—"Home-Coming Week." A very unwise suggestion, indeed. The idea is preposterous! There is no place in Kentucky for Kentucky fugitives unless it is behind prison walls. Turn them loose among us—free-handed and unguarded—and what guarantee can we have that some of them will not hide behind a blinded window, pull the trigger of a Marlin rifle and send a steel bullet through the breast of some of Kentucky's great men? No! No! let them stay in their "remote" places until they can be brought back as prisoners of the State—not as guests.

Aaron Kohn has no trouble in "furnishing bonds" for his clients, but he is worried over being asked to tell "how and where!"

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

One of the prettiest things in all the world is a mother's love for a wayward son—for the boy who is astray, who is found in crimson paths, hand in hand, with the meanest murderers, whose companions, yea, whose partners, are common thieves, and highwaymen, and cutthroats. When all living creatures spurn him, the mother loves him still; when the hand of scorn is pointed at him from every direction, she makes excuses for him, and says: "He's good at heart." She goes into the hell-hole—'mid debauchery and the debauched and pleads with him to "come and go away;" she follows him to the prison door and, with a thousand kisses, hands him over to the "authorities," believing implicitly in his innocence. She goes with him to the scaffold, and when the cold corpse of the sinning son is given over to her she bathes it with her tears—and, though there be fifty years yet of life before her she will be miserable to the end—no more sunshine for her—all of life is horror. Truly, a mother's love, like "flaming stars," burns on till the great, throbbing heart is cold and still. God pity that poor woman—that poor mother whose life is made miserable by a criminal son.

GEN. JOE WHEELER.

Gen. Joe Wheeler—he who "saved the day" at Santiago—is dead, and the body of one of the greatest soldiers this country has ever known, is now at rest in the beautiful Arlington in Washington City. He was loved and honored by "his men" of the Confederacy, admired by "his enimies" of the Union, and finally loved by all America.

Now, just suppose that Gov. Beckham should pardon Kentucky's fugitives from justice, as Dr. Powell suggests, do you suppose that bill sam taylor could be persuaded to come back? He couldn't be convinced that it wasn't just merely a "scheme."

A man's dog is his best friend. He will lick the hand that smote him, and lie close to the boot that kicked him—and that's more than you can say for your wife.

These fellows who are trying to get a dog law passed through the Legislature had better be a-writin' to Dave Smith about that dam for Salt River.

The "absorbing question" of the hour in Louisville, is: "Where did Kohn get the bonds?" All that is known up to this time is that he got 'em.

McINTIRE.

Miss Mary L. Buckman, of Cecilville, spent last week the guest of Misses Susie and Flora Keene.

Mr. W. L. Thompson, of Botland, accompaned by his nephew, Mr. Sam Thompson, of Jefferson county, visited friends here last week.

Mr. Robert Nally, of Athertonville, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Nally, last week.

Miss Flora Keene is the guest of Misses Mattie and Annie Clarkston, of near Springfield.

Messrs. T. E. Ballard, C. A. McIntire, Tinie McIntire and R. A. McIntire and wife attended the Poultry Show at Louisville last week.

Mrs. Abagal Ensor visted relatives in Lebanon last week.

Mr. J. F. Keen, visited Mr. Molin Durr, near Willisburg, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. David Graves were guests of the latter's father, Mr. J. L. Mudd, at Cecilville last week.

Mr. Wat O'Bryan bought of T. E. Ballard thirty fat hogs and also ten of J. T. and R. A. McIntire.

Mr. George T. Thompson, of near Lebanon, visited relatives here last Sunday.

Mr. J. F. Keene bought of Mr. Sparrow, of Polin, two mules at $185, and sold to Nelson county people four at $125 per head.

Bent Her Double.

"I knew no one, for four weeks, when I was sick with typhoid and kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Annie Hunter, of Pittsburg, Pa., "and when I got better, although I had one of the best doctors I could get, I was bent double, and had to rest my hands on my knees when I walked. From this terrible affliction I was rescued by Electric Bitters, which restored my health and strength, and now I can walk as straight as ever. They are simply wonderful." Guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney disorders; at C. J. Haydon's drug store; price 50c.

A Successful Meeting

Rev. G. W. Lyon returned home from Henderson, Ky., Friday night, where he had been for more than two weeks in a great union meeting of religon. There were about fifty additions to the Methodist church, and about the same to all the other churches.

Mr. Lyon met Rev. Lawson, who was pastor of the presbyterian church in this city for six years. He has charge of a large church in Henderson, the second Presbyterian, and is having great success in building up the church in that city.

Mr. Lyon left Monday to assist Rev. S. M. Miller in a protracted meeting at Jeffersonville, Ind. He will be home to fill his appointment next Sunday.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the Best Made.

"In my opinion Chamberlin's Cough Remedy is the best made for colds," says Mrs. Cora Walker, of Porterville, California. There is no doubt about its being the best. No other will cure a cold so quickly. No other is so sure a preventer of pneumonia. No other is so pleasant and safe to take. There are good reasons why it should be preferred to any other. The fact is that few people are satisfied with any other after having once used this remedy. For sale by C. J. Haydon.

HILLSBORO.

Miss Effie Lee Coulter was the guest of Miss Judith Montgomery last Wednesday.

Messrs. Larkin Dean, J. M. Shirley and son, Erastus, went to the city last week to sell their tobacco.

Mr. Perry Ruby and wife, of near Chaplin, Mr. Sabe Coulter and wife and Mrs. J. M. Montgomery spent Sunday with Mr. J. M. Shields and family.

Misses Effie and Zora Montgomery were the guests of Misses Maud and Eva Inman Sunday.

Mrs. J. M. Shields spent last Thursday with the family of Mr. George Kelling.

Mr. George Dean has returned from Cornishville, where he has been visiting friends and relatives for several days.

Mr. J. M. Montgomery and wife have returned home from Spencer county, where they attended the sale of the latter's mother, Mrs. J. M. Washburn, they report things sold well. Cows sold from $25 to $50, sows and pigs from $18 to $30, bacon from 17 to 21½ cents per pound, lard 20 cents, household and kitchen furniture, farming implements brought fair prices.

Mr. Robert Mattingly has moved to his farm near Fenwick. Chartes Hines moved in the house vacated by Mr. Mattingly.

Mr. Larkin Dean has gone to Indiana to visit his sister and other relatives.

Mrs. J. A. Coulter, who has been very sick for several weeks is some better at this writing. Mrs. Wat Inman, who has been very sick, is much better.

Mr. Col. Settles, who has been very ill is much improved at present.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Tinel, who has been very low with pneumania, is better at this writing.

Mr. Creath Dean has gone to Cornishville to make his future home with his uncle, Mr. Jim Hedger.

Forced to starve

B. F. Leek, of Concord, Ky. says: "For 20 years I suffered agonies, with a sore on my upper lip, so painful, sometimes, that I could not eat. After vainly trying everything else, I cured it, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve." It's great for burns, cuts and wounds. At C. J. Haydon's drug store, Only 25c.

TATHAM SPRINGS.

Silas Burkhead and wife were guests at the Shirley home on Monday of last week.

Dr. Hatchett has moved to East Texas. We regret very much for Dr. and Mrs. Hatchett to leave as they were ever ready and willing to help those who were in need.

We were sorry to hear of Dr. Walter Wells' illness and hope he will be well soon.

BROOKSVILLE.

Miss Jessie Noel spent Sunday with Misses Artie and Ollie Sutton.

Mr. Maurice Cheatham spent Sunday with Mr. Merrit Pinkston at Tatham.

Miss Madge Cheatham is visiting her grandmother at Willisburg.

Several attended services at Willisburg Sunday and Sunday night.

Rev. Petty spent Sunday at the home of Mr. W. P. Cheatham.

Mr. John Leathers and son visited at the home of his sister, Mrs. A. C. Pinkston, Friday.

Mr. Iven Armstrong, of Sycamore Valley, and Miss Lula Pinkston, of this place, were quietly married at the home of Rev. J. A. Sims Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Davis Noel visited Miss Artie Sutton Sunday.

Several attended the sale at Mr. Carl Perkins' Saturday.

Messrs. Ballard and O. P. Settles spent Saturday night with Henry Settles.

Mr. Jerome Wilson spent Sunday afternoon with Garrett and Marshall Pinkston.

Mr. Leslie Keeling, who has been very low with pneumonia, is no better.

Mr. Marshall Keeling visited his parents at this place Saturday night.

J. K. Denton, a Montgomery county farmer, called a man a d—d liar in Mt. Sterling court, and was fined $25 and thirty hours in jail for contempt.

A Cold On The Chest

Is Always Uncomfortable and Often Dangerous

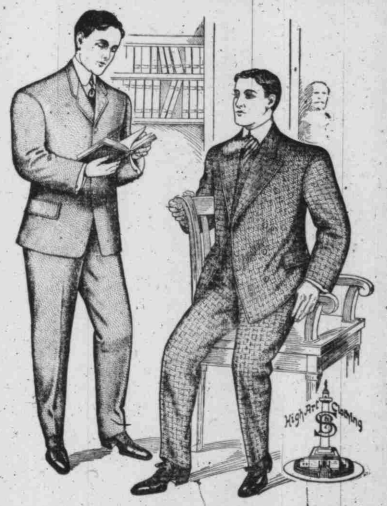
This is the season for colds, and you will be wise to provide yourself with a bottle "MENTHOLATED" Cough Syrup. Neglect of a cold in its early stages is worse than carelessness. A well-known lung specialist called it

Constructive Suicide

We guarantee that this cough medicine will quickly cure a fresh cold, and will relieve even the most obstinate cough of long standing. The price is only 25 cents per bottle. Lots of other kinds and other medicines here.

C. J. HAYDON
CORNER DRUG STORE

Custom Tailoring Department



STROUSE & BROS., High Art Clothing, Baltimore, Md.

THE MEN

of most fastidious tastes, as well as men of all physiques, can make satisfactory selection of their Spring and Summer needs, from the well-known assortment of Made-to-Measure Materials, shown by Strouse & Bros., makers of the Celebrated HIGH ART CLOTHING.
Their expert cutter will be at our store

Friday and Saturday, February 2 and 3

and will be glad to receive your order.

Faultless Fit, Superior Workmanship and Up-to-date Styles.

ROBERTSON BROS.

NEW FIRM.

G. D. Robertson & Co.

TO THE FARMER:---We can interest you in some bargains in Plows and Plow Harness. You will soon need these; let us save you money. Nobody disputes that the Chattanooga Plow has no superior. Farmers who use this plow will have no other. DO YOU WANT TO BUY A BUGGY? If so, remember OUR LOW PRICES, our excellent grades.

Let us supply you with your Seed Oats---Northern White---Clover Seed and Timothy; nothing but a clean stock is handled.

Local News Notes.

We have received our spring stock of White Goods, Linens, Laces, Embroideries, Ginghams, Cottons, Sheetings, Etc. Special display and prices for Friday and Saturday.

ROBERTSON BROS.

LOST DOG.—A large pointer, liver, white and ticked. Extra large, heavy lips. Left home about one week ago. Information appreciated.

T. DUDLEY WELLT.

Our "SPECIAL BLEND" is an extra fine coffee. Hagan Bros.

Mr. J. T. Montgomery, Fredericktown, recently purchased the fine Jack, Joe Blackburn, of his father, Mr. W. P. Montgomery.

Mrs. Mayme F. Muir and Mr. Burr Crume were married at the Galt House, Louisville, Tuesday, January 30.

Our line of canned goods is complete. Johnson & McCabe.

CORN WANTED.—Until February 15 I will pay 45c a bushel for sound corn—shelled or on ear—delivered at my mill.

W. E. Murkley, Lebanon, Ky.

1500 pieces just arrived for our 5 and 10 cent counters. Hagan Bros.

BOX PARTY.—The pupils of Miss Ella Shaunty's school at Texas will give a Box Party Saturday night, February 3, for the benefit of the church.

WANTED.—To buy two yellow turkey hens and one tom. J. E. SHELBY,
Springfield, Ky.

FOR RENT.—Nice office room over McElroy Bros. grocery.

Installation services were held at the Psesbyterian church Sunday morning. The following elders and deacons were enstalled: H. M. Grundy, H. M. O'Nan, Dr. J. H. Hopper, George Wharton and J. S. McElroy.

Watch our ads; it will pay you.
Johnson & McCabe.

W. T. Ewing, Real Estate Agency, Harrodsburg, sold the Robt. Forsythe farm containing 312 acres, 5 miles of Harrodsburg, to A. F. Leonard at $59 an acre, and the A. F. Leonard farm, of 165 acres, to Robt. Forsythe at $35 an acre.

PUBLIC SALE.—Mr. William Hatchett, of Mackville, will hold a public sale Friday, February 23, for the purpose of disposing of a lot of stock and feed. An advertisement will appear in The Sun. For farther information see circulars.

ADJUDGED INSANE.—Miss Ellen O'Gara was tried for lunacy yesterday before Judge Litsey. The jury found her of unsound mind and a committee was appointed to take charge of and care for her property.

Special prices on china and glassware at Hagan Bros.

STRAY CALF AND SHEEP.—A Young heifer, part jersey, and a sheep have been at my place for over five weeks. Owner may have them by paying for their keep and this notice.

HENRY WHITMAN,
pd1t R. F. D. No. 4.

Bulk oatmeal, hominy, hominy flakes, grits, etc. Johnson & McCabe.

WANTED LUMBER.—I want to buy a lot of oak or poplar lumber, suitable for building a stock barn. Call on or address, Luther Burns, Springfield, Ky.

Mr. H. M. O'Nan recently advertised a cow for sale through The Sun's Subscribers Free Column. He sold the cow a short time after the little two line ad. appeared, and says that he had at least thirty calls.

If you want the best buy "GILT EDGE" canned goods. Hagan Bros.

FOR RENT.—Flat above my store; water and all conveniences. Formerly owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield. MRS. WILLIAMS.

FARM SOLD.—Mr. Luther Burns has sold his fine farm on the Willisburg pike, one mile from town, to Mr. Durrett, of Nelson county. Mr. Burns received $7,000 for the farm, but will have the use of it another year. At this price it is a cheap farm.

Wanted—dressed chickens, highest market price. Johnson & McCabe.

JACK LEWIS GETS $50.—Last Monday Jack Lewis, a colored boy, was tried before Judge Litsey on the charge of giving whisky to Francis Keene, a minor, and found guilty, recieving a $50 fine. In the absence of County Attorney Mayes Marshall Duncan represented the Commonwealth.

Pay us a visit, it will pay you. Hagan Bros.

The money which was found on the street here County Court day by Mr. Lloyd Parrott was lost by Mr. Thomas Hamilton. The amount found was $5—a silver certificate. The Sun reached Mr. Hamilton Thursday morning; he got the five dollars Thursday afternoon. It cost him 30 cents. Now, just suppose he had not been a subscriber of The Sun.

Try our Milk Bread. Johnson & McCabe.

Born, to the wife of Mr. Robert Sutton, on Sunday morning, January 28, a girl.

LOST MONEY.—Last Monday week—county court day—Dr. W. W. Hyatt, of Willisburg, lost, in Springfield, between $30 and $50. He believes the money was mostly in ten dollar bills. Return to Sun office, get reward, and have your picture printed in the paper as an honest man. See!

Don't forget we have fresh vegetables always on hand. Johnson & McCabe.

COLORED BAND.—The people of Springfield were given a "musical treat" Saturday night, when the colored band gave its performance on the Court House Square. The band has been under the instruction of S. E. Duncan for some time and have worked faithfully. The Sun hopes that they may improve and become a permanent organization.

"The best on earth—or anywhere else"—Blanke's Coffees. Johnson & McCabe.

At a meeting of the City Council last Monday evening a reading of the revised ordinances was heard. These ordinances have been written and revised by Mr. W. C. McChord, and are pronounced by the Mayor, Hon. John W. Lewis, and the members of the Council, to be the most comprehensive and complete lot of town laws they had ever seen. They are brief, yet every detail is covered. At a regular meeting of the Board in February the ordinances will be adopted, and will be printed in book form.

Kale, celery, new onions, radishes, lettuce, endive mustard, kohlrabi beets, cauliflower at Johnson & McCabe.

Eld. Walden, of the Christian church, will discuss the following subjects on their respective dates:

February 4—"Is Christianity Failing?" February 11—"Seven Walks of Ephesians." February 18—"New Peter." February 25—"And Peter." March 4—"Paul's Experiance In Paradise, or Refutation of Spiritualism." March 11—"Is Life Worth Living?". March 18—"What a Man Must Believe to Please God." March 25—"Mary and Martha."

FAIR DIRECTORS MEET.—Last Saturday the officers of the Washington County Fair Association met to elect officers and beside as to having a fair this year. It was determined to have the fair during the last week in August, and to have even a bigger and better fair than heretofore. The premium list has been increased and the grounds will be improved. The following officers were elected. B. L. Litsey, President; I. H. Thurman, Vice-President, M. L. Searcy, J. O. Polin, W. K. Robertson, F. M. Campbell, G. D. Duncan, H. M. Grundy, A. B. Hundley, R. H. Edelen and H. R. Thompson. Secretary and Treasurer, A. C. Kimball. Directors B. F. Simms, C. F. Bosley, S. P. Thompson, Ben Haydon, Sam Anderson, L. A. Burns, W. S. Gibbs, R. A. Noe, James Hayes, A. C. Kimball and Monroe Cecil.

Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of J. F. Gribbins, deceased, are hereby requested to present same properly proven to the undersigned on or before May 1, 1906.

W. C. McCHORD,
T. S. MAYES;
Springfield, Ky

Notice to Creditors.

The firm of McClure & Wells having disolved, all persons indebted to them are requested to call at once and make a settlement. The firm's business must be settled at once. Mr. McClure will have charge of the books and desires a settlement while he is in town. After a reasonable time all accounts will be placed in the hands of an attorney.

Bishop John C. Keener, senior Bishop of the M. E. church South, died at the age of eighty-seven at New Orleans January 19, 1906. He was elected Bishop in 1870. His term of office lasting for thirty-six years.

Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Major Lile, of Lebanon, was here Saturday on business.

—Miss Margaret Russell was in Louisville last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Stiles were in Louisville last week.

—Miss Mattie Rony, of St. Mary's, is the guest of Miss Sarah Simms.

—Mr. Percy Abel, of Lebanon, was here Saturday.

—Mrs. Nannie Simms and daughter, Miss Nannie, are in Louisville this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Leachman were in Lebanon Sunday.

—Mr. Harry O'Nan, of Louisville, visited his parents here Sunday.

—Miss Elizabeth Leachman spent a few days last week at the home of Dr. J. H. Hopper.

—Miss Annie Riley, who has been ill of pneumonia, is very much improved.

—Mr. W. P. Hayes, of Bloomfield, visited at the home of Judge Litsey last week.

—Messrs. T. Scott Mayes, J. R. Mayes and R. J. Durham were in Greensburg Sunday and Monday.

—Miss Minnie McClellan has been visiting in Lebanon.

—Miss Sally Brady, of Lebanon, visited at the home of G. D. Duncan Monday.

—Mr. Ben Haydon, who was seriously ill last week with erysipalas, is now about well.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Miller and little daughter, Emma Kurts, visited Mrs. Sue Knott Saturday and Sunday.

—Mrs. John Bevil was called to her home at Cleveland by the illness of her son, John.

—Mr. Denis McQuaide, of Lowell, Mass., was the guest at the home of Geo. Medley's the first of the week.

—Messrs. Ray Gooden and Bob Blain, of Lebanon, were here Tuesday.

—Mrs. McClasky, of Bloomfield, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lizzie Durrett.

—Miss Sallie Bosley, of Lebanon, is visiting friends here.

—Mr. W. P. Lawrence spent a few days last week in Lincoln county on business.

—Mr. Jesse Harned spent last week in Lousville.

—Mrs. Bettie Hoard was in Louisville Monday on business.

—Eric Carrico, of Howardstown, is visiting relatives here.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Huston, of Taylorsville, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. Dudley Wells.

—C. W. Hagan was in Louisville the first of the week.

—Miss Pearl Conner, of Fredericktown, visited her sister, Mrs. Williams, this week.

—Mrs. C. L. Stallings and Miss Nora Bonta visited Mrs. Hourigen, of Lebanon, this week.

—Miss Fannie Smith is visiting her aunt in Howardstown.

—Mesdames Jennie C. Talbott and J. A. Tong are visiting in Louisville this week.

—Wallace Mudd, who is working in Bardstown, was at home Sunday.

—Messrs. Thomas and Herman Snider, of Spencer county, are here on business.

—Mr. Hood Cunningham and Miss Flaget Simms attended the concert in Lebanon Friday.

—Mrs. W. E. Leachman has returned home from Louisville, after a visit to her mother.

—Miss Sarah Simms was in Lebanon Friday.

—Mrs. J. C. Shader has returned home from a trip to Cincinnatti.

—Mrs. Alfred Dahoney, of Lebanon, was here last week.

—Miss Lizzie Leachman left last Thursday for a visit to her brother, Mr. W. H. Sweeney, of Louisville.

—Mrs. Shaunty and daughter, Miss Kate, of Fredericktown, were here one day last week.

—Mr. C. L. Price was in Bardstown last week on business.

—Mr. S. E. Clements and little daughter, Olive, spent last Thursday in Bardstown.

—Mr. Joe Price was in Louisville last week on business.

—Misses Pearl and Myrt Campbell visited friends in Lebanon Friday.

—Misses Myrtle and Mabel Price were in Lebanon last week.

—Mr. I. N. Arnold, of Maud, was in town Saturday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Felix Hamilton, of Lebanon, visited Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Clements last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McChord were in Frankfort last week.

—Miss Josie Lee was in Louisville Monday shopping.

—Miss Willie Knott is visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. H. Edelen in Bardstown.

—Mrs. Winchester Philips, of Lebanon, visited at the home of Mrs. S. J. Smock Wednesday.

—Miss Mabel Thompson has returned hame, after a visit to friends in Lebanon.

—Miss Lucy Selecman was visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Carl Litsey, of Lebanon last week.

—Messrs. Frank Peters and Will Leachman; Misses Florence Edelen and Mary Haydon attended the concert in Lebanon Friday night.

—As recently announced in The Sun Mr. J. L. Searcy will leave for Texas next Monday. He will be accompanied by Mr. Joe Smith, who will locate in Texas.

—Messrs. H. M. Grundy and David Litsey and Misses Kate Mayes and Bessie Leachman were entertained at six o'clock dinner Wednesday evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Hopper.

—Dr. Richard RoBards left yesterday for Wakefield Station, where he will practice his profession. Dr. Ro Bards has a large circle of friends in Springfield and Washington county who regret to see him leave.

—Mr. T. B. Gorden left last Saturday for Knox City, Mo., where he will reside permanently. Mr. Gordon is a brother of Magistrate John W. Gordon of the Texas vicinity, and has many friends who regret his departure. Mr. Gordon's wife and children have been Missouri for three or four months.

—Mr. W. A. McCarty, of Campbellsburg, Ky., after a few days' visit to his brother, who is employed in the Peoples Bank, has returned home.

—Mr. Harry Nantz and Miss Lucy Nantz, of near Bloomfield, are visiting relatives here.

BLACKSMITHING, HORSESHOEING.

I have established a blacksmith shop one-half mile from Springfield on east Texas and Danville pike. Horses shod, new shoes, 80c around; old shoes, 40c around. Buggy and wagon repairing at lowest prices. I have Will Hirt employed.

RICHARD RILEY.
pd10

Garriage Shop.

I am prepared to do all of your woodwork and repairing at the most reasonable price FOR CASH.

Upholstering of all kinds done.

Grain Cradles for sale.

I also have one new shop-made buggy and spring wagon and one second-hand spring wagon. Buggy trimmings of all kinds on hand.

W. H. BOND,
July 1, 1906 Springfield, Ky.

FARMERS.

We have a full supply of all kinds of seed. Northern White Oats—The best, Clean Clover Seed, Timothy, Blue Grass, Etc. Our prices are always reasonable. When you want anything in this line give us a call.

PLOWS.

We are agents for the Olliver Chilled Plow for Washington county and Syracuse Hillside Plow. These are the best.

WELLS BROS.

SPRING

OPENING

Mr. Swaffield, representing the Globe Tailoring Co., will be with me in Springfield,

MONDAY AND TUESDAY,
FEBRUARY 12 and 13

Also part of the day Wednesday, the 14th, and I will hold my Spring Opening.

I will have on display about 400 samples---the latest weares. You know us for workmanship and fit. Hold your orders for the "Old Reliable."

W. T. LEACHMAN.

"KING COAL"

is "a jolly old soul," "a jolly old soul is he." He brightens the gloom of the stormy, wintry nights, and defies Jack Frost whilst keeping us warm. Who doesn't love a bright coal fire with its glow of cheer? COAL THAT WARMS, that drives away the blues, that is worth all asked for it, is the kind to be had at my yard. Read this and 'phone an order.

I BUY PRODUCE

M. H. Jones

New Firm.

Haydon & Burton

Undertakers.

SPRINGFIELD, KY. TELEPHONE NO. 53

We have formed a partnership in the undertaker's business, and desire to say to the public that we are prepared to render the very best of service.

Bosley & Barr, undertakers, of Lebanon, will be associated with us in the business. They will do the hearse work and attend funerals. Mr. Bosley is too well known to thepeople of Washington county to need an introduction. He has had twenty-ning years' experience in the business, being a licensed embalmer. He is thoroughly acquainted with ev-- detail of the business.

They Came to Life

Sailors Took Second Mate and Companion For Spirits.

They Were Confined In Lazaret by the Lurch of the Ship In a Tornado and Were In Despair of Rescue.

Speaking of sailors' superstitions, Captain Bob Black used to say that when the crew of the Marion once took the notion that he was a ghost they came dangerously near making him a ghost in reality, writes Lue F. Vernon in the San Francisco Chronicle.

Black was second mate at that time, and his memorable experience actually

IN AN INSTANT THE UNIVERSE SEEMED TO BE BLOTTED OUT.

began when the Marion, three days out from Point de Galle, Ceylon, was becalmed for ten days. Finally one afternoon came a tiny cloud which within an hour spread over the sky and completely obliterated twilight.

Black found a fore tacks broken, thanks to the weather, which had battered the rigging to tinder, and he jumped to the lazaret to replace it.

Many heavy articles were between him and the spare rigging, and Black called a young sailor—Burt Adams—to help him move them. Then, all in an instant, the universe seemed to be blotted out, and Black and his companion knew no more.

To realize their situation it is necessary to remember that the lazaret is, so to speak, theship's storeroom. Extending behind and on two sides of the cabin it takes in all the space under the decks from the stern to the line where the quarter deck ends and the main deck begins. In it the steward stows food intended for the officers and their trunks.

A sliding door at one side of the steward's pantry gives him admission to the lazaret, but officers generally enter as Black and young Adams did—through a hatchway in the wheelhouse.

Black came to himself with a sensation of lightness of the head and faintness in the stomach. Pitch darkness prevailed, for the bullseyes that dimly lighted the lazaret when it was empty were now covered up, but, putting out his hand, Black touched a human form.

"Who is it?" he asked. A snore was the only answer.

Then Black straightened his stiffened limbs and rolled himself clear. He heard the seaman at the wheel strike eight bells, and he remembered now who his companion was. He put his mouth to the young sailor's ear. The sleeper started up.

"Eh? What? Oh!" he groaned. "You, sir? You all right?" he asked.

"What time of day do you think it is, Adams?" Black returned. "Eight bells have just been struck."

"Must be morning, sir."

"You don't mean to tell me we've been here all night? Impossible!"

"But it ain't, sir. You didn't know nothing for a long time after old Hans, who was at the wheel, let the ship veer up in the wind. She most turned turtle. You must have got your head hit then. I was pretty well banged about myself, and afterward you went to sleep."

"Have you tried to attract attention?"

"My knuckles is wore out pounding on that wheelhouse hatch, sir," the sailor replied plaintively. "I forced it up with my head once, but when I hollered at China Joe he dropped the wheel and hollered like he was scared to death. Scared me, that did. I fell backward, and 'fore I could climb up again they had the hatch battened down and padlocked."

Just then the second mate, trying to feel out his surroundings, touched something he seemed to recognize. He smelled and tasted it.

"Must have broken open a box of honey," he said. "I've got a piece of comb."

"Better eat it, sir," the sailor advised. "I'm going to try to find a bread cask. We could easy spot it. I know where there's lanterns and oil—if you'll take the risk of a light."

"Lanterns down here?" Black repeated.

"Yes, sir! I hung 'em myself. They're covered lanterns we use for the anchor watch."

Black felt for his match box and opened it. "I've got just one match," he said. "That's enough if it don't go back on us."

It was an anxious moment when Black scratched the match, but it did not go back on them. Not food, but drink, was what they first sought by the lantern's light, and after two hours of hunting and hard labor they found a biscuit box and a case of mineral water—the two almost side by side.

"We're all right now, sir," said the sailor joyously. "We can stand it till they have to come down after something."

Yet the hours that followed were very tedious, and when they had lengthened out to two days officer and man were sick of confinement.

It was on the fourth night or day, they hardly knew which, when the weather had moderated a little, that Black thought he heard a muttering in the direction of the steward's pantry, and, glancing up quickly, saw a light over the tops of the casks.

"Hello there, doctor!" he called.

"Wha' dat? Who dat?" questioned the steward, a Demarara negro.

"Mr. Black and Burt," replied the sailor in a tone that must have sounded sepulchral.

"Wow-oo!" moaned the steward. "I's done been called by a dead man!"

Then came the sound of a fall and the jingle of glass.

"He's dew," the sailor reported to Black in disgust. "Took me for a ghost, I reckon. Say," he added a moment later, "I smell smoke! Say, that fool dropped his lantern; he's set the ship on dire!"

The horror of the situation was instantly apparent. Not so the means of escape.

"Burt, we must try to reach the fire and put it out!" Black cried.

"No use, sir. I can't crawl any nearer, and you are fatter than I am. Besides, we haven't anything to put it out with. We'd be roasted."

"But we'll be suffocated anyway."

"Have to stand it, sir, if it happens so."

But now they heard on deck the roar of voices and tramping of feet that told the alarm had been given.

No flames had reached the second mate and the sailor as yet, but the heat in the lazaret was rapidly becoming stifling, and the smoke seemed to search the farthest corners of their aching lungs. They breathed with difficulty through the folds of their shirt sleeves, which they had wet with water.

Adams was the first to succumb. As he sank insensible there were sounds at the hatchway that foreshadowed the lifting of the hatch.

Suddenly the hatch was removed. An avalanche of hose came through it. The boatswain set his foot on the first step of the ladder.

"Take Adams on deck first!" Black cried.

But with a single glance below the boatswain yelled and fled.

Black seized the nozzle of the hose, his laboring lungs and smarting eyes forgotten. He dragged it forward and directed a stream toward the flames.

The water came just in time to ward them off from an oil barrel. Another stream poured through the sliding door of the steward's pantry helped him to win the fight. Soon it was over.

Black threw down the hose and tried to crawl back to the hatchway. But now it was his turn to give out, and Adams, whom the fresh air had restored to consciousness, pushed and

HE DIRECTED A STREAM TOWARD THE FLAMES.

pulled, coaxed and lifted him toward the deck. There the captain met them.

"The dead come to life!" he cried.

"Tend Mr. Black first," gasped the faithful sailor.

"Lay aft, four of you," the captain called. "Carry those men into the cabin."

"We thought you went overboard when the tornado struck us," the captain added.

"The men have declared ever since that the ship was haunted, and soon I should have had to take a rope's end to get one of them to go aft. I'm glad the ghosts are laid."

The Diamond Cure.

The latest news from Paris is that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great remedy mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Nanleer, Tenn. "I had a cough, for fourteen year. Nothing helped me, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which gave instant relief, and effected a permanent cure." Unequalled quick cure, for Throat and Lung Troubles. At C. J. Haydon's drug store; price 50c and $1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

Care of Clothes.

Any sensible man can take care of his clothes and save money. The point is it takes time and any amount of thought and care, which a busy man cannot spare. There is no question, though, that clothes properly attended to will wear as long again as they would otherwise and always seem fresh and new, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

The first thing to remember is to brush each suit immediately upon taking it off and look thoroughly for spots. If there are any they should be cleaned off immediately, fluid being kept on hand for this purpose. A small piece of white flannel will answer well for the cleaning, and naphtha, benzine or gasoline will accomplish the desired results. Spots left for a day or so are hard to remove.

Coat and waistcoat should be hung in the clothes closet on a hanger, the waistcoat under the coat. There is a divergence of opinion as to trousers. The most commonly accepted plan is to fold them and put them in a long drawer, with a piece of paper between each pair. Others say, however, that this is all wrong; that they should be carefully hung in the closet and never folded. A necessity is that suits and off trousers be sent to a tailor's for pressing frequently, as soon as they show the faintest signs of wrinkling.

There is much detail as to keeping hats looking well. Each hat should have its box and should invariably be kept in it when it is not being worn. The ordinary pasteboard hat box will do quite well. Brush every hat with a soft brush before putting it on. A soft hat should be put away resting on its brim, with all the creases taken out of the crown. The stiff hat, on the other hand, when put away should not rest on the brim, but on the top of the crown. A silk hat should also stand on its crown when not in actual use, and it should never be forgotten that this type of hat before being put away should have especial care. Clean it with a soft cloth or a soft brush.

Wing collars will wear much longer if they are laundered flat and bent to the proper shape by the wearer when he puts one on. Shoes only keep their shape properly when trees are kept in them. Gloves should be kept in tissue paper and when taken off must be pulled out carefully. Cravats are best kept flat in a drawer, though some experts speak in favor of hangers.

Daily Herald

AND SUN—$2.00

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year.

Program.

Washington County Teachers' Association will meet in Springfield on the second Saturday in February. The following is the program.

1. A Teacher's Qualification.—Stith Thompson.
2. A Teacher's Responsibility.—Joe Polin.
3. A Teacher's Opportunities.—Mrs. Ada Arnold.
4. A Teacher's Troubles.—Miss Ella Shaunty.
5. A Teacher's Compensation.—Geo. Colvin.
6. Games for Children—General discussion by teachers, led by Thad Cheatham.
7. A Word of Encouragement to Washington County Teachers.—Superintendent Bush.

Music.—Instrumental and vocal will be interspersed throughout, the program.

Must Pay Within Thirty Days.

All persons who are indebted to me as deputy sheriff of Washington county must settle within the next thirty days. This tax may be paid to A. C. Kimball, who is my deputy, or to me. All old business must be settled or property will be levied on.

up 8 J. S. OSBORNE.

In Memoriam.

In memory of our dear sister, Mrs. Mary F. Hardin, who passed from this life January 19, 1906, aged thirty-four years, leaving a husband and one child to mourn the loss of a devoted wife and loving mother. Our loss is heaven's gain. She was an ideal wife and a wise counsellor; as a friend and mother she was ever faithful and true. Words fail to express how deeply we feel the loss. In the home we are constantly reminded of the departed one by some work of hers—something her loving hands had touched, and, oh, how she will be missed by all of us.

Though her body lies beneath the cold sod her home is in heaven. Farewell, sister, sweet be thy rest.

She is resting, calmly resting undisturbed by pain or strife,
All the world's hard cares and struggles
cast no shadow on her life.

L. M. S.

LITSEY.

Mr. Z. P. Leachman and family and Mrs. Annie Godby and children spent last week with Mrs. Julia Leachman.

Miss Bertha Edgerton is the pleasant guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lill Janes, at Valley Hill.

Mr. Charlie Hines has moved to his which farm he recently bought from Robert Mattingly.

Mrs. Annie Godby is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. James Claybrooke are the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Litsey.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Birch have returned from a visit to the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blanton near Boston.

Mrs. Belle Coulter is the guest of her nephew, John Peters, at Mackville.

Mr. G. H. Ballard has gone to Lincoln county to stay several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Leachman entertained at dinner Sunday. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. James Claybrooke, of Springfield, Mr. A. L. Litsey and family, Henry Reed and family, Decator Dragoo and wife and Mr. Ed Birch and wife.

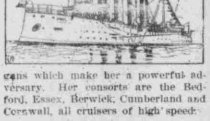
Lillian Leachman will spend several days this week with Miss Viola Vice at Willisburg.

Mr. Oscar Sweeney, of Mackville, and Miss Elmer Leachman will be married at the bride's home Thursday, the 25th inst.

Harvey Leachman was at Willisburg Sunday.

The Flagship Drake.

The flagship of Admiral Prince Louis Alexander of Battenberg, the Drake, is of 14,000 tons, can steam twenty-four knots an hour and is equipped with



guns which make her a powerful adversary. Her consorts are the Bedford, Essex, Berwick, Cumberland and Cornwall, all cruisers of high speed.

The Pearl-Diver Dead.

Kentucky Standard: The Standard has just been informed that John Robinson, the pearl-diver is dead at the Nelson county poorhouse. Robinson was a unique character, and was known all over the State.

House and Lot For Sale.

I desire to sell at private sale my house and lot on the Perryville pike three quarters of mile from Springfield House has six rooms. All necessary outbuildings and improvements.

up8 J. F. PETTUS.

I WILL

SERVE YOU

With good substantial jewelry at unheard of low prices. Splendid holiday business enables me to sell the residue of my stock ridiculously low.

It's a "DEEP CUT" in prices all through my

Jewelry Clearance Sale.

Clocks, Teapots, and other silver-service, watches, rings, spoons, knives and forks. Everything goes.

Hurry up and get ahead of some one else, who is always looking for bargains.

JAS. J. GRAVES.

Do Not Neglect a Cold.

Every cold weakens the Lungs, lowers the Vitality and makes the system less able to withstand each succeeding cold, thus paving the way for more serious diseases.

CAN YOU AFFORD TO TAKE SUCH CHANCES?

BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP

PERMANENTLY CURES

Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Lungs.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW THAT BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP CONTAINS NO OPIATES, DOES NOT CONSTIPATE CHILDREN AND WILL POSITIVELY CURE CROUP AND WHOOPING COUGH.

MRS. SALLIE LOCKBAR, Goldthwaite, Tex., says: **"We have used Ballard's Horehound Syrup in my family for several years, and it always gives satisfaction. When the children had Croup and Whooping Cough it always relieved them at once, and I would not be without it in the house, as it is the BEST MEDICINE we know of."**

Best Remedy for Children. Every Bottle Guaranteed.

THREE SIZES: 25c, 50c and $1.00.

BALLARD SNOW LINIMENT CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

C. J. HAYDON, - - - - Springfield, Ky.

THE SUN AND

	Both papers, 1 yr.
Bryan's Commoner	$1.75
Weekly Courier-Journal	1.50
Weekly Louisville Herald	1.25
Nashville American	1.50
Weekly Cincinnati Enquirer	1.75
Weekly Atlanta Constitution	1.75
Semi-Weekly St. Louis Republic	1.75
Semi-Weekly St. Louis Globe Democrat	1.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World	1.75
Home and Farm	1.25
American Agriculturist	1.75
American Epitomist	1.50
American Farmer	1.50
Breeders' Gazette	2.25
Country Gentleman	2.00
Farm and Fireside	1.35
Farm, Field and Fireside	1.75
Review of Reviews	3.25
Lippincott's Magazine	2.85
Scribner's Magazine	4.00
Ledger Monthly	1.75
Harper's Magazine	4.35
Harper's Weekly	4.35
Sunny South	1.50

Huge Task.

It was a huge task, to undertake the cure of such a bad case of kidney disease, as that of G. F. Collier, of Cherokee, Ia., but Electric Bitters did it. He writes: "My kidneys were so far gone, I could not sit on a chair without a cushion; and suffered from dreadful backache, headache, and depression. In Electric Bitters, however, I found a cure, and by them was restored to perfect health. I recommend this great tonic medicine to all with weak kidneys, liver or stomach. Guaranteed by C. J. Haydon druggist; price 50c.

Daily Herald and Sun

One Year $2.00

Free **FARM and FIRESIDE** **Free** **THIS INCLUDES FARM and FIRESIDE**

AMERICA'S GREATEST FARM PAPER.

To every person who will pay arrears and one year's subscription in advance, we will give absolutely free a full year's subscription to Farm and Fireside. The only condition is that you must accept this offer within thirty days from date, as the publishers of Farm and Fireside limit us to that time.

Farm and Fireside

Is America's greatest twice-a-month Farm and Family Journal. 24 to 36 large pages every issue, with nearly two million readers throughout the United States. Something in it for every member of the family, and all the farm and rural topics are ably discussed. SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY.

Free **Free**

Address THE SUN, Springfield, Ky.

Profit In Hogs.

Farmers and stockmen will doubtless agree that of the various kinds of live stock bred and reared on the farm none is more profitable year in and year out than the hog, writes C. E. Stahle of Pennsylvania in Rural New Yorker. It seems to be the view of some farmers, however, that a hog is a hog regardless of the great difference there is between the scrub and the pure bred and between the various different breeds, yet there is as great a difference as between the "plug" and the well bred, magnificent trotter and draft horse. It is no longer necessary to keep a hog two years nor even one to bring him to a marketable weight. Rather for the highest profit he should be matured in eight to ten months, from spring until fall, as he will grow better during the warm months and on cheaper food if pasturage is provided him.

I know of no hog which so well fills the bill for the general farmer and feeder as the improved large English Berkshire, for the reason that while they grow to very large size they can be fitted for the market at any time and take on for the food consumed as large gain as any other breed.

The pigs can be fed to 400 and 500 pounds in ten to twelve months and which properly handled always top the market. Being of a broad, deep body, broad and heavy in ham, shoulder and back, the Berkshire is of the proper conformation to weigh well and to gain in weight rapidly. He is an active hog and on that account likely to be in the best of health. He is a good feeder and as a pasture hog excels. The Berkshire boar, crossed with grade sows always impresses his qualities on the offspring, showing strong, pure blood. I make these few remarks for the purpose of drawing the attention of the farmer to swine raising as a profitable feature of his business and to suggest a few of the reasons for the popular favor which has been accorded the Berkshires.

The Sow to Avoid.

Never breed to a sow that is not a good milker, no matter how good her pigs are at farrowing time. They will become very indifferent pigs by weaning time. No amount of food and care will do them the same amount of good as that drawn from nature's fount.

Cured His Mother of Rheumatism.

"My mother has been a sufferer for many years from rheumatism," says W. H. Howard, of Husband, Pennsylvania. "At times she was unable to move at all, while at times walking was painful. I presented her with a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and after a few applications she decided it was the most wonderful pain reliever she had ever tried, in fact, she is never without it now and is at times able to walk. An occasional application of Pain Balm keeps away the pain that she was formerly troubled with." For sale by C. J. Haydon.

Mayor Clubb, of Eminence, asks the citizens to have patience and preprte to pay their taxes.

Farmers in the Patesville district have decided to reduce acreage of tobacco crop for next season.

Special Sale of Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, and Hamburgs, on Thursday and Friday, February 1 and 2.

Grundy & McIntire.

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
(INCORPORATED)

Long distance lines and telephones of this Company enable you to talk almost anywhere in Southern Indiana, Southern Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. We can put you in quick and satisfactory communication with the people of this great section of the country. We solicit your patronage. Rates reasonable. Equipments and facilities unsurpassed.

JAMES E. CALDWELL, President & Gen'l Manager. LELAND HUME, Sec'y & Ass't Gen'l Mgr. T. D. WEBB, Treasurer.

FASHION HINTS.

For Youthful Figures.

The least elaborate shirt waists are best for youthful wearers, and the one shown is recommended for its excellent shaping and ease of construction. The

SHIRT WAIST FOR GIRL.

new shirt waist shows a smaller sleeve and no blousing at the waist line. The tucks on the shoulder in front supply an extra fullness, not unbecoming to youthful figures, while the tapering lines given by the tucks in the back are very pleasing in effect. The front may close beneath the box plait or with a hem. Any seasonable material may be used in the development of the design.

For the medium size three yards of thirty-six inch material are needed.

How to Wear a Fur.

Although the slender snakelike fur neck piece, sometimes called a scarf, is just as popular as ever, those who follow Paris fashions are not wearing it with one end slung over the shoulder any more. Instead they employ it as simply as possible, both ends dangling down in front. One good thing about the present fad is that the costly strip of sable or other fur isn't half as likely to be stolen or lost, for under the old system, unless a restraining hook or pin anchored it, it often slipped away and was lost to its original owner. Now that the fur meets in front and its ends hang down evenly, it may be clasped together under the chin, thus preventing having it snatched away.

Skirt Trimming.

Skirts are being very much trimmed and in so many different ways that no one style can be said to prevail. There are any number showing plain, graduated or wavy lines of applique. Whether it be bias folds, tucks or ribbon hardly seems to matter so long as it is there and in plain evidence. Perpendicular trimmings, too, are highly thought of, and tunic or double skirts, flounces and an occasional hint of upper drapery and lower flounce assert themselves in the newer models.

The Popular Bolero.

The bolero is making sartorial history for itself in these latter days, and there is hardly a gown in the fashion catalogue—from a nightgown to a ball gown—that does not make use of this becoming little item in some way or other, either in fact or in effect.

For General Wear.

An excellent mode for general wear is here pictured in a development of dark blue mohair. Nine gores are employed in shaping the plaited skirt, which flares in prevailing style at the

SHIRT WAIST COSTUME.

foot. Deep tucks produce becoming fullness in front of the blouse. The back is plain, except for slight gathers at the waist line. The sleeves are moderately full, finished by deep cuffs. Several materials are adaptable, such as serge, cashmere, cheviot, linen and canvas. The medium size will require two and a quarter yards of forty-four inch material for the waist and six and a half yards for the skirt.

Court in Marion.

Falcon: The regular January term of Circuit Court convened here Monday with Judge I. H. Thurman on the bench.

The following cases have so far been disposed of:

Charles Parrott, for petet larceny, 30 days in jail.

Low Phillips, for disturbing public worship, $50 and cost.

Geo. Miles, for selling liquor to minor, $50 and cost.

Hewet Pope, for shooting on public highway, $50 and cost.

J. H. Kearns, for selling liquor to minor, not guilty.

John Thompson, for assault and battery, not guilty.

Tom Blandford, for selling liquor to minor, $100 and cost.

Carl Mattingly, for breach of the peace, 10 days labor.

The damage suits of Mrs. W. W. Wilhoit and Mrs. C. B. Cleaver against the L. and N. Railroad Co., for putting them into a negro coach on the train, is set for trial on Friday, February 9, of this term.

Henry Sparks, a Paducah negro, was fined for swearing on the street.

POINTS ON FEEDING

The rations of farm horses have received special attention at the Utah station, and a few hints brought out would apply everywhere. It was concluded that horses should receive most of the hay at night, a very little in the morning and none for the noon meal. Water should be given before feeding. Oats were favored as a grain feed, but these could be replaced by bran and shorts or supplemented with corn. Carrots and sugar beets served as a tonic as well as enabling the horse to digest the hay and corn more effectually.

Barley as a Horse Feed.

While some well known authorities advise the using of barley as a ration for horses, I am satisfied that it is of so little value as not to be worth considering, writes a correspondent of American Cultivator. Fed in any form in considerable quantities we have found it much more irritating to the blood than corn and seeming to have an especial irritating effect on the skin and when fed unground exceedingly liable to cause intestinal irritation. The only way we would allow it fed would be on Saturday nights, well boiled and mixed with an equal bulk of bran while hot, and this only during the winter months, when grass is not available.

Sheaf Oats For Winter.

The finest winter feed that I know of is sheaf oats. That is all I know about it. The horses will go through the winter in good, strong condition, and in the spring they will be fit for work. Let them eat the heads and best of straw and use the rest for bedding.—E. J. Waterstripe.

Silage For Beef Cattle.

We have used the silo two winters with young cattle that we were fattening and three winters with lambs. We are entirely pleased with the results and are planning to build our third silo, says Joseph E. Wing in Breeder's Gazette. We do not, however, put all our corn in the silo, nor do we advise this course. A certain amount of dry feed we think very desirable in connection with silage when it is fed.

Salt the Live Stock.

Sheep are ravenous eaters of salt and will overeat if allowed. By giving a little each day they will soon adapt themselves to the plan. Then they may have free access to salt and not abuse the privilege. It is common for farmers to neglect salting their horses. While horses crave salt less than cattle or sheep, it is nevertheless quite essential to their health. It need not be given them so often. Once in ten days or even two weeks is usually sufficient.

Turnips For Sheep.

Scientists say that the turnip is composed of 90 per cent water. Nevertheless the very best mutton that England produces is raised on turnips as a bulk ration, with the addition of grain as a fattening ration. So the water the turnip contains must be of excellent quality.

Immature Corn For Hogs.

Immature sweet corn, especially where it has been cut by the frost, will not make a desirable feed for fattening hogs if fed alone and might even prove to be a dangerous feed if used as an exclusive ration. If it is fed in connection with other grains, however, it can be used very satisfactorily for this purpose and will probably be more valuable than for the other stock.—Michigan Farmer.

Broke His Neck.

Harrodsburg Herald: Robinson Keith fell from a signal post at Junction City Saturday and broke his neck, close to the shoulders, yet he still lives, and the indications point to his recovery. For many years he has been employed by the Cincinnatti Southern. He had climbed to the top of a thirty-foot post, and was in the act of applying the torch when he lost his balance and fell to the ground, striking on his head. When picked up his head dropped down and his neck was as limber as a rag. He was carried home and remains in an unconscious state, yet his blood circulation is normal.

William Henry Jones, of Barren county, will run for Congress.

Head Ache Sometimes?

If so, it will interest you to know that it can be stopped with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills; and without any bad after-effects, and this without danger of forming a drug habit or having your stomach disarranged. They positively contain no opium, morphine, cocaine, chloral, ether or chloroform in any form. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve pain, and leave only a sense of relief. The reason for this is explained by the fact that headache comes from tired, irritable, turbulent, over-taxed brain nerves. Anti-Pain Pills soothe and strengthen these nerves, thus removing the cause. They are harmless when taken as directed.

"We use Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for the cure of headache, and we think that there is nothing that will equal them. They will cure the severest spell of nervous or sick headache in a very few minutes. I am of a nervous temperament, and occasionally have spells when my nerves seem to be completely exhausted, and I tremble so I can scarcely contain myself. At these times I always take the Anti-Pain Pills, and they quiet me right away. It is remarkable what a soothing effect they have upon the nerves."
MRS. F. S. KARL, Detroit, Mich.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind

Farms and Business Property

FOR SALE

W. T. Ewing Real Estate Agency, Harrodsburg, Ky.

150 acres Anderson county Ky., near Sania, improved and good $3500. 150 acres Grant county Ky., excellent farm and bargain at $22. 168 acres Mercer county handsomely improved; in grass ten years, at $55. 154 acres Mercer county on river, a good farm at $52.50. 240 acres, 2 miles railroad station, Mercer county, Ky., good improvements at $40, (exchange.) 150 acres well improved three miles from Burgin, $6900. 57 acres, near Burgin, good farm $3750. 120 acres six miles from Harrodsburg, on Lexington pike, at $75 (exchange.) 56 acres, 3 miles Harrodsburg, on pike, in grass, 2 houses, $2380. 184 acres six miles from Harrodsburg, good grass farm at $30 (exchanged as part pay for larger farm.) 18 acres poultry farm, near Burgin, $1600.

Business Property.

Livery Stable at Harrodsburg and residence adjoining $4700, rents for $37 a month, or stable for $3200. (Stable rented to January 1 1907 at $25 a month.) Store and dwelling in one block Railroad town Mercer county, no other; fine trade; $2500.

Also farms and other property of all kinds. I have buyers for Washington county farms; list yours with me now and I will sell it.

Hides Wanted!

I want all kinds of hides and furs. Bring them to me and get Cash for them. For the next two weeks I will pay

9½c

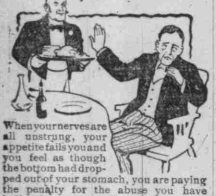
For Green Beef Hides, Or

10½c

For Salted Hides. Bring them to me

M. H. Jones.

CAN'T EAT



When your nerves are all unstrung, your appetite fails you and you feel as though the bottom had dropped out of your stomach, you are paying the penalty for the abuse you have inflicted upon yourself by hastily-eaten and improper food.

Your digestive organs, even though delicate, will stand a lot of service, but they resent ill-treatment.

Dr. Caldwell's
(*Laxative*)
Syrup Pepsin

is the greatest remedy in the world for correcting and curing all forms of stomach and digestive trouble.

It instantly imparts new life and vigor to these parts and keeps them in prime and perfect working condition.

Don't wait until you are in the grip of these torturing complaints, but get a dollar or half-dollar size of DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN now at your druggist's and forestall the trouble.

Your money will be refunded if it does not benefit you.

Your postal card request will bring by return mail our new booklet, "DR. CALDWELL'S BOOK OF WONDERS" and free sample to those who have never tried this wonderful remedy. Do it now.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO.
Monticello, Illinois
Sold by The Red Cross Drug Store.

CARDWELL.

Miss Sallie Lay, of Waineville, Ill., and Miss Riley, of Nelson county, are visiting friends at this place for a few days.

W. L. Graham and daughter, Miss Nantie, visited D. B. Sutherland, of Chaplin, Sunday.

Charley Rite, of Mackville, visited R. A. Wilham Saturday night and Sunday.

We wish to correct the mistake in last week's issue about W. L. Graham buying a jack from Mrs. Barnett It should have been Mrs. Parrott and the price $200 instead of $82.

W. L. Graham bought from Herman Scott a stallion at $200.

J. A. Kyler and E. G. Holiday are in Louisville this week with tobacco.

Brown & Holiday have bought several crops of tobacco at an average of 5½ cents.

J. A. Kyler sold to Will Harmon, of Mackville, thirty hogs at 6 cents and bought from Snider & Co., seventeen hogs at 5 cents.

Graham & Perkins bought from C. L. Haydon, of Springfield, one six-year-old harness mare; price private.

R. A. Wilham bought from J. A. Kyler one cow at $27.50.

How to Water Plants.

Watering plants is really an art that few understand, says a writer in the New York Telegram. Many women give them little drinks every day and because the earth on top is moist think that the roots are being well provided for. But daily sprinkling is not beneficial as a rule. The watering times had better be less often and thorough than once in twenty-four hours, when only the upper soil is wet and the roots are left thirsty. I believe in the old fashioned way of immersing the plants in a bucket or big tub full of water at a temperature that will not chill and let them stay for several hours until there can be no doubt that the water has penetrated to the very bottom, where most of the roots gather. The best time to do this is in the morning, so that most of the moisture will have had time to be absorbed or drained off before the cold of the night can chill the plants. One way of washing off the leaves and at the same time watering the roots is to place the plants under a faucet and turn on a small spray. This is decidedly beneficial, for it falls on them just as rain does. Whenever it is possible put the potted plants outdoors, so they can be rained on, for a person can almost see them grow after such a wetting from nature.

How to Clean Brussels Carpet.

To clean and brighten brussels carpets take a fresh beef gall and break it into a clean pan, says a writer in Ladies' World. Pour one-half into a very clean bucket and add about three or four quarts of lukewarm water. Take a coarse cloth mad, having brushed the carpet well, rub it hard with the cloth thoroughly wet with gall water. Only do a small piece at a time and have ready a dry, coarse cloth, with which rub the carpet dry. Thus proceed until the whole carpet is cleaned. A few drops of carbonate of ammonia in a little warm rain water will change discolored spots upon carpets and indeed any spots, whether produced by acids or alkalis. If one has the misfortune to have a carpet injured by whitewash this will immediately restore it.

How to Wash Crocheted Articles.

Make a suds of warm (not hot) water and a good white soap when you wish to wash articles that are crocheted. Put in the article to be washed; squeeze (don't rub) till it looks perfectly clean; rinse it thoroughly through clean warm water until there is no soap left; squeeze the water out, but don't wring; shake gently, put in a cheesecloth bag and hang in a draft; shake often while drying. Handmade articles will retain their shape and look like new if these simple directions are carefully followed.

Subscribe for The Sun. $1.00 year

Continued from first page.

LONG RUN.

we are helping to keep up a road system for the benefit of the public.

Mr. and Mrs. Elvian Perkins were guests at Mr. John Cocanougher's last Thursday night.

Mr. Will Youug and wife visited the family of Will Wayne Sunday.

Mr. John Staton and wife were guests at John Cocanoughter's Sunday.

The singing here Sunday evening was good Miss Girtie Coyle wa sthe organist.

Mr. J. A. Young and wife spent Sunday with aunt Melvinia Young.

Mr. Sie Harman, of near Enido, has three children sick with typhoid fever and one sick with malaria fever.

Martin Coyle, who is attending school at Springfield, was with his parents Saturday and Sunday.

Look out for a total eclipse of the moon on Febauary the 9th.

Quite a large crowd attended the singing at Mr. John Staton's Wednesday night. The next will be held at Mr. Dee Yankey's.

Mr. Marcas Cocanougher and family, of Enido, spent Sunday with his parents.

Mr. Elvian Perkins left Friday for Illinois, where he expects to find employment and make that his future home.

Mr. Will Matherly lost a valuable mare last week of pneumonia.

The methodist brethren began a protracted meeting at Wesley's Chapel last Sunday. The pastor is assisted by Bro. Johnston.

Master Henry Holderman, who is attending school at Perryville, was with his parents Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Marinda Burns and children visited Mrs. Lizzie Best Friday.

Your correspondent listened to an interesting sermon at Wesley's Chapel Sunday delivered by Bro. Walker.

Best Fowls For Farmers.

The breed of fowl that the farmer or his wife likes better than the others is the one for him or her to select if they choose to breed pure bred fowls. He should take into consideration the use for which a fowl is wanted. Never take a Leghorn for a market fowl, nor a Minoren or a Hamburg. For eggs alone do not select a Cochin, Langshan or Brahma. All are too "beefy" and not given enough to laying. They make good fowls for capons and roosters, but as a rule they mature too late.

For any all purpose use the Wyandottes, Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Orpingtons and Javas are good for the farmers. Wyandottes come in several varieties, as the Golden, Silver, Buff, Black, White, Silver Penciled and Golden Penciled. Orpingtons are in Buff, Black, White and spangled varieties. Rocks are Barred, Buff or White as the breeder chooses. All of them are good for general purposes.—Farm Progress.

Dust For the Hens.

A couple of barrels filled with dry earth or road dust in the summer will keep the dusting box supplied all winter, and the hens will keep themselves free from lice. A barrel or two of gravel should be laid in before winter, also, and a pan of it kept before the hens all of the time. It is surprising how much of it they will consume. If the gravel is run through a coarse screen, so as to take out the larger stones that a hen cannot swallow, it will be better for them.

The Egg Producer.

The finished product of the poultry industry, the egg, is the best form of meat known and the easiest product in the world to handle. The hen is a machine that always turns out a perfect product, a fresh egg. She will do her part every time if you will do yours.

Diarrhea In Chicks.

Mix powdered charcoal with their soft food and keep granulated charcoal always before them. This will be found to be one of the most prompt and effective remedies. Chilling is one of the most common causes.

Stomach Trouble and Constipation.

"Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are the best thing for stomach troubles and constipation I have ever sold," says J. R. Cullman, a druggist of Potterville, Mich. They are easy to take and always give satisfaction. I tell my customers to try them and if not satisfactory to come back and get their money, but have never had a complaint." For sale by C. J. Haydon.

Samuel R. Gummere.

Samuel R. Gummere, United States minister to Morocco, who has been forced to leave his country home in the suburbs of Tangier because of fighting between tribesmen in its immediate vicinity, has had experience with dangerous bands before. The warfare now in progress almost under the walls of Tangier is between the rival Anghera and Raisuli tribes. At the time when Raisuli and his men captured the American, Perdicaris, Mr. Gummere was consul to Tangier, and his services on this occasion resulted in his appointment afterward as our minister at the court of his sherecfian majesty Abdul Aziz. Perdicaris was captured late in the evening at his country home, and it was long after midnight when Mr. Gummere heard of the affair. Despite the danger, the American consul leaped upon his horse and rode to the scene of the abduction, saw to the protection of the ladies of the family and departed immediately to seek a night audience with the sultan of Morocco, who was thus compelled to pay immediate attention to the subject.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Absolutely Harmless.

The fault of giving children medicine containing injurious substances, is sometimes more disastrous than the disease from which they are suffering. Every mother should know that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is perfectly safe for children to take. It contains nothing harmful and for coughs, colds and croup is unsurpassed. For sale by C. J. Haydon.

High Priced Hogs.

Does it pay to grow pure bred hogs? Recently forty-seven pure bred hogs were sold at a stock sale in Illinois for $6,315, an average of $135 each. The highest price paid was for a sow, and the amount was $535. Another was sold for $420, which indicates that hog values are improving.

Selecting the Ewes.

The noting and marking of ewes that are to be culled should continue through the year. The faults of the breeding flock should be observed, and if, as time progresses, individuals are found to possess great weaknesses arrangements should be made to remove them from the flock.

A Suprise Party.

A pleasant surprise party may be given to your stomach and liver, by taking a medicine which will relieve their pain and discomfort, viz: Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are a most wonderful remedy, affording sure relief and cure, for headache, dizziness and constipation. 25c at C. J. Haydon's drug store.

McCracken county farmers are protesting against the increased tax valuations.

Deputy Marshall McBride, of Muhlenberg county, shot and fatally wounded by unknown man, who escaped.

While working at a saw mill at Woodbury, Butler county, Porter Turner was struck by a slab and instantly killed.

The Key that Unlocks the Door to Long Living.

The men of eighty-five and ninety years of age are as a rule robust well fed, but thin, spare men who live on slender diet. Be as careful as he will, however, a man past middle age, will occasionly eat too much or of some article of food not suited to his constitution, and will need a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets to carminate and incorporate his stomach and regulate his liver and bowels. When this is done there is no reason why the average man should not live to old age. For sale by C. J. Haydon.

Announcements

Illinois Central R. R.

The Illinois Central mantains Double Daily Service, and operates the best trains, with Dining Cars, Chair Cars, and Sleeping Cars, from Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville south to New Orleans. The best road for reaching the Winter Tourist resorts of the South including

New Orleans, Vicksburg, Gulfport, Miss. Hammond La.

Mardi Gras at New Orleans Feb. 17, '06. Gulfport is a Mexcian Gulf Coast resort having the new fine "Great Southern" Hotel. Regular ocean steamship sailings from New Orleans for Mexico, Central America, Panama, West Indies and Europe. Send or call for descriptive matter in regard to the above.

HAVANA VIA NEW ORLEANS.

Havana, Cuba, is best reached via the Illinois Central through service to New Orleans and the new ocean liner, twin-screw, nineteen-knot

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR

leaving New Orleans every Wednesday at 4.00 p. m. and arriving at Havana at sunrise Friday morning.

Extremely low one way and round trip Rates to points in Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Teritory, Oklahoma and Texas, on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

Hot Springs, Ark., Florida—Daily Sleeping Car without change Louisville to Memphis.

FULL PARTICULARS concerning all the above can be had by addressing

F. W. HARLOW, D. P. A.,
Louisville, Ky.

DR. MILES' Anti-Pain Pills

Pain

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

Cure Headache

Almost instantly, and leave no bad effects. They also relieve every other pain, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pain, Sciatica, Backache, Stomach ache, Ague Pains, Pains from injury, Bearing-down pains, Indigestion, Dizziness, Nervousness and Sleeplessness.

Pills

All Pain is Nerve Pain

Pain is sure to follow any strain or weakening influence upon the nerves. It may be caused by over-exertion, heat, intense mental effort, colds, indigestion, or any cause that depresses, excites or agitates the nerves. So sensitive are they that the least pressure or strain causes suffering. By soothing, strengthening and quieting the nerves, Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve the pain.

They are sold by druggists, 25c a box, under a guarantee that the first box will benefit, or money refunded. Never sold in bulk.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Springfield Market

Bacon—Hams, 15c; Sides, 12½c.
Beeswax—24c per pound.
Butter—15c to 20c per pound.
Chickens—Hens, 8 c; Spring, 9c
Dried apples, 5c per pound.
Ducks—8c per pound.
Corn Meal—75c to 80c per bushel.
Eggs—19c per dozen.
Feathers—45c per pound.
Flour—$2.90@ $3.
Ginseng—$7.50 per pound.
Grain—Wheat 85c corn, 62c Oats
Hides—Green, 9½c to 10½c
Lard—10c per pound.
Lime—80c to $1.00 per barrel.
Mill products—Bran 80; shipstuff, $1.00 per 100 pounds.
Potatoes—Country, 80c.
Onions—$1.00.
Salt—$1.45 and $1.85 per barrel.
Turkeys—10 per pound.
Tallow—4c per pound.
Vinegar—25c to 40c per gallon.
Wool—Burry and greasy, 14@c; clear of grease, 20c; tub washed, 28c.
Country Sorghum—45c to 50c
Geese—50c a peice

"Washington Circuit Court."

W. K. Marks, Surviving Partner, Etc., Plffs., vs. Florida M. Marks, Etc., Deffts.

By virtue of an order of the Washington Circuit Court made in the above styled cause, all persons having claims against Marks Bros. and G. R. Marks, deceased, will be required to file their claims, properly proven, before me not later than March 1, 1906. I will hold my sittings at my office in Springfield for the purpose of receiving claims from Feb. 1 to March 1, 1906.

M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C.

At Madrid Bend, Fulton county, Charles Davis shot and killed Charlie Edwards Sunday. He was arrested and indicted Monday, tried Tuesday, convicted and sentenced and Wednesday began twenty-one-year term in the penitentiary.

Meats

Below we print a sort of a "meat directory." Anything you want, any time you want it:

Roast
Steak
Pork Roast
Pork Chops
Fresh Sausage
Mutton Roast
Mutton Chops
Veal Roast
Veal Chops
Veal Cutletts
Pickled Pig Feet
Pickled Bplogna
Ham
Breakfast Bacon
Mince Meat
Fish Every Thursday
Oysters Wednesday

CARPENTER'S Meat Market

WHITE'S Cream Vermifuge

THE GUARANTEED
WORM REMEDY

THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE TONIC.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
THE GENUINE PREPARED ONLY BY
Ballard-Snow Liniment Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
For sale by C. J. Haydon, Springfield.

SUBSCRIBERS FREE COLUMN.

Under this head all persons who are subscribers to The Sun may insert free of charge advertisements of wheat, corn, oats and other farm products, stock, etc., for sale or wanted. Land for sale or for rent not included, but inserted in another department of the paper at very low rates.

Mrs. Sherman Martin has for sale Rhode Island Reds and Plymouth Rock hens and roosters.

S. M. Campbell, Springfield, has for sale two horses—one 4-year-old, in foal by Jack, the other 8-year-old.

E. T. Perkins, Cardwell, has for sale one extra good work mare in foal to Jack.

L. M. Gregory, Springfield, Ky., R. F. D. No. 3, has for sale 6 nice poland china boars and 6 nice gilts. One brood mare in foal to B. B. Leachman's fine Jack.

S. E. Clements, Springfield, has for sale three Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerels.

R. A. McIntire, Route 2, has for sale a Poland China boar. Will weigh 325 pounds.

C. P. Goode, Texas, has for rent 80 acres stalk field.

Mrs. B. L. Litsey, R. F. D. No. 3 has for sale S. C. Brown Leghorns and Buff Orpington Cockerals.

F. F. Mudd, Fredericktown, Ky., has for sale one cow and calf.

Mrs. C. L. Grundy, Springfield, Ky., has for sale thorougher bred Brown Leghorn cocks at 50 cents each if taken at once

READ THIS.

Symsonia, Ky., March 30, 1903.

Dr. E. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo.: Dear Sir—I would like to become your agent for the sale of your medicine in this neighborhood. Your Texas Wonder has saved the life of one man whom two doctors had given up to die, and there is none of your medicine sold nearer than fifteen miles of this place, so I would be pleased to hear from you concerning the agency as soon as possible.

ED DRAFFEN,
Symsonia, Ky.

One small bottle of the Texas Wonder, Hall's Great Discovery, cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist, it will be sent by mail on receipt of $1. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Dr. E. W. Hall, Sole Manufacturer, P. O. Box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonial. Sold by all druggists.

Farm For Sale

Contains 47 1-2 Acres, four and a half miles from Springfield.

Situated on good pike, first-class land, good house, barn and buggy house, well-watered. A good home for some one who only wants a small place. Further particulars call at Sun office or upon B. D. Lake